

# The Sketch



No. 241.—VOL. XIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



"THEY'RE CHEERING HER IN IRELAND NOW FOR THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."

THE DUCHESS OF YORK IN IRELAND.

*The Duchess disarmed all political antagonisms by appearing in a green dress. Our Photograph was specially taken for "The Sketch" by Chancellor and Son, of Dublin.*



## EARLY REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST.

BY REV. CANON SAVAGE.

*(Vicar of St. Thomas's, Douglas, Isle of Man.)*

The reproduction of the curious picture of Christ belonging to Mr. St. Martyn Kennard, which was recently reproduced in *The Sketch*, is so like a picture of Our Lord on oak in the vestry of St. Matthew's Church, Douglas, Isle of Man, that I am tempted to send a photograph of the latter in response to the request for information. In vol. xx. of the Manx Society's Publications is an able article referring to it by Rev. C. W. King, with a supplementary note by Mr. A. Way, both of which seem to have appeared previously in the *Archæological Journal* (vol. xxvi.). Tradition says that the panel was being used as a lid to a barrel in Douglas when it was discovered and placed in its present position. Mr. King says—

Its existence in Man has been plausibly accounted for by supposing it brought thither by Bishop Thomas Stanley, the last Roman Catholic occupant of the See. During his sequestration and detention in London under Edward VI., he was on intimate terms with the Norfolk Family, then in close relation with the Court of Spain, and therefore in the way of obtaining similar relics.

He mentions a second example in the sub-librarian's room in the Bodleian Library as having been presented by Mrs. Mary Prince in 1772, "painted by herself," "a copy doubtless of some older work." Mr. Way also mentions one in the possession of Sir Edmund Lechmere, at the Rhydd, Upton-on-Severn; another seems to have belonged to the Duke of Norfolk, at Greystoke; and mention is made of one in the South of France, with the inscription in English (referred to in the *Revue Archéologique*, vol. iii., pp. 101, 185). Mr. King thinks that these are representations of the Emerald Vernicle (*vera icon*) that is spoken of as being in the Treasury of the Vatican, and its probable history, which certainly explains the inscriptions on the various paintings, is thus given—

Zizim, son of Mahomet II., having disputed the succession with his elder brother, Bajazet II., being defeated in the great Battle of Brousa, took refuge with the Soldan of Egypt, Kaibai, and, after a second unsuccessful trial of his fortune with D'Aubusson, Grand Master of Rhodes, was sent by him to France in the year 1482. From France he was conveyed, at his own request, to Rome in 1488, whither both his brother and the Soldan sent embassies on his account, but with very different views. Bajazet promised the Pope, then Innocent VIII., the large sum of forty thousand zechins annually for the safe though honourable keeping of a respected, though formidable, brother, while Kaibai made large presents to the Head of Christendom in the hope of securing aid from the Franks against his much-dreaded enemy the Turk. Onophrius Panvinus, his contemporary, the continuator of Platina's Lives of the Popes, mentions that Bajazet, besides the pension, made the Pope a present of the spear of the Crucifixion (the far-famed spear of Longinus), doubtless regarded at the time by donor and receiver as equivalent to a much larger amount, and which at once, skilfully wielded in pontifical hands, proved to the new possessor the very wand of Hermes. This gift suffices to prove that the recent usurper of the throne of the Byzantine Cæsars found still something left in their old storehouse of relics to dispose of when he chose. Onophrius did not, indeed, mention this emerald (perhaps because he was sceptical as to its genuineness), yet it is very conceivable that among the costly gifts of either Turk or Egyptian was included an emerald, actually bearing the head of our Saviour, and proceeding from the early Byzantine School.

This would certainly explain most satisfactorily the reference in the



PICTURE OF CHRIST IN ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

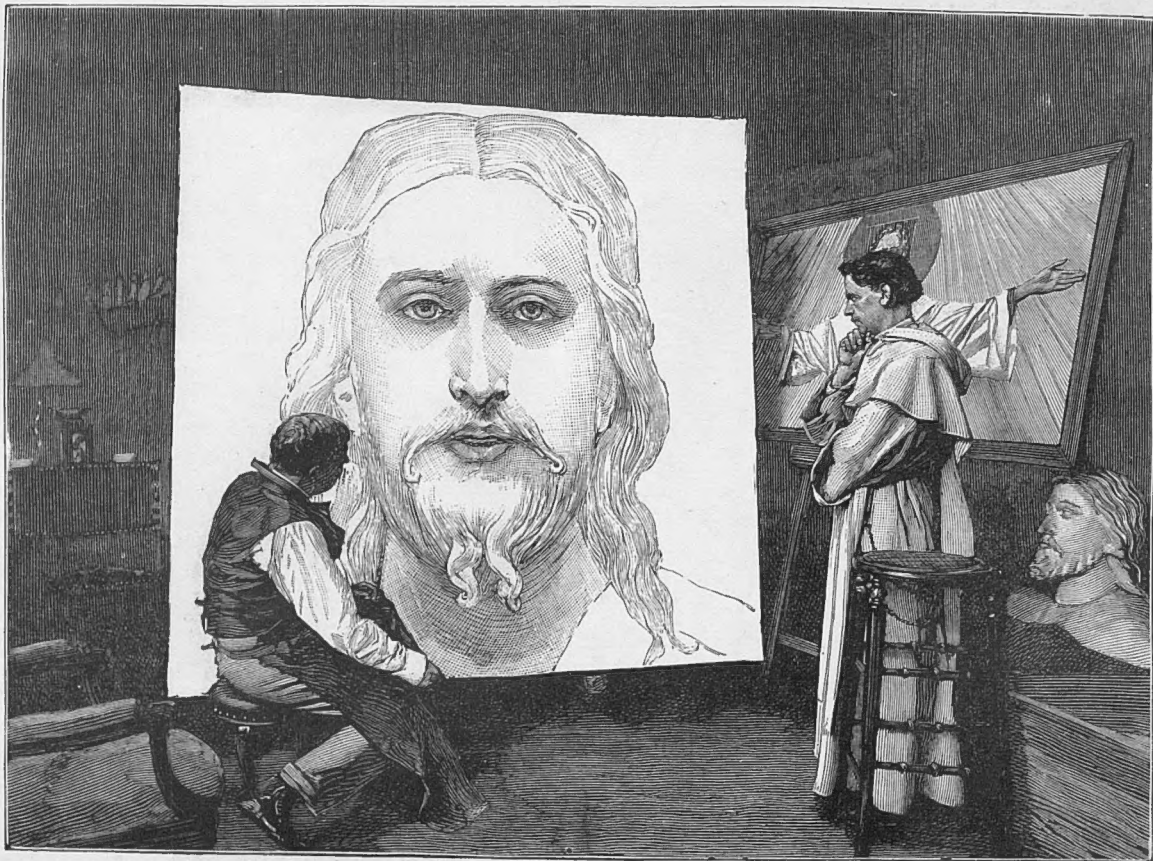
inscription (which seems to be common to all the copies) to the "Brother that was taken prisoner."

I may say that I have an admirable facsimile of the St. Matthew's panel in my own vestry.

## A NEW PORTRAIT BY TISSOT.

As long as art remains, perhaps, portraits of Christ will be painted. M. James Tissot, who can claim to be the French Holman Hunt, has just completed a very fine painting for the chapel of the Dominicans at Paris. Far above the altar will loom the imposing figure of the

Redeemer, who, with arms outstretched, will appear to invite all and sundry to approach. The head alone is to be over six feet in height, the rest of the figure being in proportion. The loose garment in which the Saviour is clothed is, according to early Christian traditions, composed of three pieces—a seamless dark-crimson tunic, the dazzling white linen siba gathered into a belt, and thrown back over the left shoulder the great mantle of the prophets. M. Tissot has evidently been inspired by early Byzantine art, but he claims, with truth, to have achieved a far more natural effect than was ever done by "the masters of decorative art." Already thousands of people have applied to see this extraordinary work of art, which will not, however, be officially uncovered to the public gaze for another few weeks. As was inevitable, the painting partakes more or less of the character of a fresco. The sublime figure stands out against a pale-blue background, the head being surrounded by a brilliant nimbus. It has long been M. Tissot's ardent desire to work, as did the Italian painters of old, with a devout end in view, and, thanks to the discriminating Dominican Fathers, he has been able to do so in this instance, and apparently with the happiest results, for the painting is arousing a great deal of interest in the French art world.

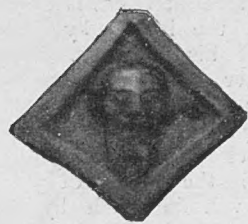


M. TISSOT PAINTING CHRIST.



## SOME OTHER STRANGE PORTRAITS.

The Rev. Arthur Courtenay Roberts, Vicar of Great Dunmow, Essex, sends me a photograph of a wood ceiling in his church, which contains a likeness of Christ. The tower of this church is a fine example of fourteenth century work. Unfortunately, it is at present in a dangerous



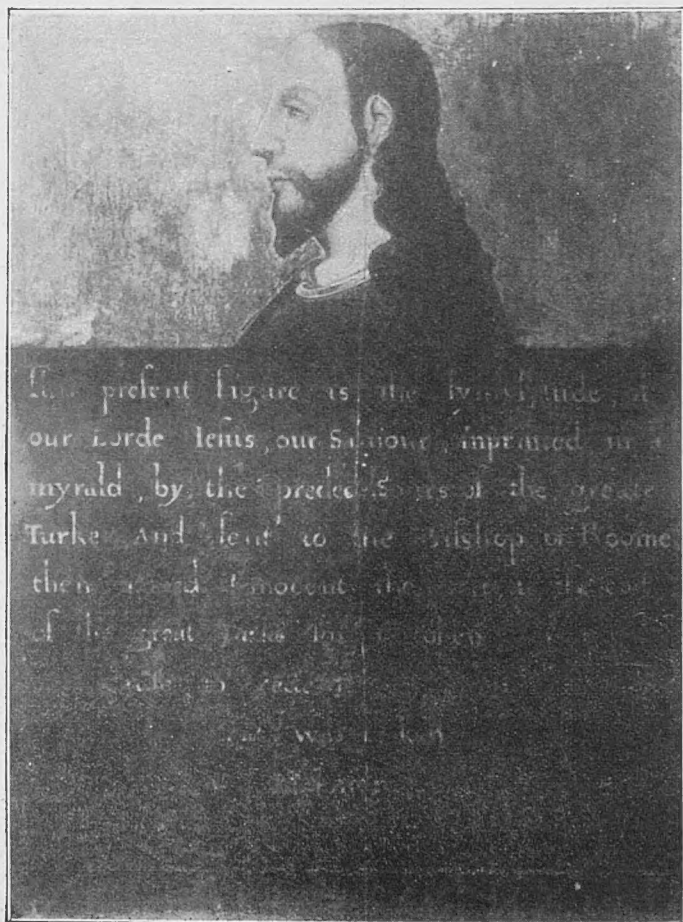
PICTURE OF CHRIST AT  
GREAT DUNMOW.

state, owing to the plaster on the exterior continually falling. The flag-staff was blown down in a gale on June 21, 1896; the biggest portion of the stone head of the north-west window of the tower fell on Christmas Eve, and, owing to other damage, the clock has been rendered useless. The estimated cost of putting the tower in such a state as to ensure the safety of the public is two hundred and twenty pounds, exclusive of the erection of the scaffolding. It is also desired to preserve, in addition to the fabric, a carved ceiling, which is believed to be unique, and to restore on the outside of the west porch the Royal Arms of England as borne by Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., and to add those of the Queen. The picture of Christ bears a striking resemblance to the sacred picture in St. Bartolomeo, Genoa, traditionally reported to have been painted by St. Luke. The enclosed photograph was most difficult to obtain, as it is fifty feet from the ground and one is looking upward. Mrs. C. R. Lee is the amateur lady photographer who took the picture.

Mr. C. Rowe Sawyer writes: "I have in my possession a similar picture to that referred to by you, and of which I also send you a photographic copy, made by Messrs. Jacques and Gay, of King's Road, Brighton. I have always believed this was the only copy in England, for I presume the original must be at the Vatican, as it is scarcely likely that the legend on the original would be in the English language. My copy, as you will observe, is, as regards the painting, almost similar to that purchased at Christie's. The legend on the picture in old English seems, however, to be more complete. It is as follows—

"This present figure is the symylytude of our Lorde Jesus, our Saviour, inprinted in a myrall by the predecessors of the greate Turke, and sent to the Bishop of Roome then named Innocent the eight at the cost of the great Turke, for a token for this end to redeem his brother that was taken Prisoner.

"The picture in my possession was many years ago the property of Miss Sharp, who was a grand-niece of Archbishop Sharp, murdered at Magus Moor, May 3, 1679, and who (to quote from the history of the picture written at the back thereof) 'most likely brought the picture from Roome.' Innocent the Eighth was crowned as Pope in 1484, and died in 1492, and the picture belonging to me might well be a copy made at that period. I should like to know if the picture purchased by Mr. St. Martyn Kennard was ever in the possession of one Captain Hopper, for from some writing on the back of my painting there appear the words, 'Captain Hopper restores them in this manner, 20th April, 1816.' What this means I do not know. Does it mean that he restored or caused to be restored two pictures of 'The symylytude of our Lorde Jesus,' about this date, and the picture sold at Christie's and mine are duplicates?"



EARLY PICTURE OF CHRIST IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. C. ROWE SAWYER.

## MY LETTER-BOX.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is some months now since I opened out my letter-bag before you, and showed you its daily humour and pathos, mostly in mixture. Since then, of course, I have received loads of letters of the same kind, and herewith I print some of them. A lady from Colorado, who was almost as energetic as the famous Bunco Brown of that ilk, in sending me some jokelets last April, declared that she was "as importunate as the Biblical widow! Please don't be annoyed. Yankees are bound to be vexatious." In a few weeks she again wrote—

Still pegging away in the hope of gaining entrance again to *The Sketch*, and because "Carthage must be destroyed." At the risk of ruining the chances of the accompanying joke, may I ask again concerning the fate of —?

A young Irishwoman (whom I have never seen and know nothing of), dating from the Phoenix Park, addressing me by my surname, wrote me on May Day thus—

It is very impudent of me, isn't it, now, to write to you so familiarly when I don't know you? You see, I want you to read my story. I desire to spare you the pain of finding out, in years to come, that a pearl of great price lay to your hand and, all unknowing, you brushed it aside. I am very kind to you, but when you are going to be so kind to me, sure, it's the least I can do. Who is the man who pulverised Marie Corelli in *The Sketch* the other week? Oh that Heaven had sent me such a man! Give him my love. . . . Good-bye. You will read my story and think it good, won't you, dear Mr. —? With such beautiful eyes of your own, sure, you wouldn't bring tears into mine.—Yours, &c.

P.S.—I am also enclosing you a Celtic crooning. Do you think would Mr. Stead bring out another edition of the "Irish Ballads" if I sent it to him?

As it happened, her story was accepted (by an independent reader). She followed up the announcement of acceptance thus—

May the heavens be your bed! You may fancy me, in the spirit, dancing wild Irish jigs around your noble and editorial form and kissing hands to you in great ecstasy. You are the most delightful as well as the "dacinest" creature in the whole wide world. I wish, now, I could shower Jubilee honours on you. This is my first real accepted story, and my delight is only equalled by my gratitude to you. "T. P." showed me the Gate of the Garden of Literature, but it is your hand which has unlocked it. The sound of your name will ever fall sweet on my ears, and my heart will rejoice to know of your happiness.

Her story had a sad ending, and I liked it. But the lady may be surprised to hear that all my readers did not share this taste, for a few days later one of them wrote—

Why do the people die so regularly in your short stories? Are the authors repressed murderers?

A Kentucky man in sending a story declared that it had been "rejected by the leading American magazines, one after another, and yet I venture to think that it is both interesting and—as a reflection of Kentucky life and character—faithful." Then a Margate lady wrote—

If you can use this article on Greek literature in next week's *Sketch*, or later, please keep it, I don't want it returned; only if you do accept it you really ought to send me five shillings for it. It must be worth that. It is partly translated from an article in the April number of *Le Monde Moderne*, and adapted by myself, the article in question being about five pages. I could not translate all that. I did once have half-a-guinea from a daily paper. I wish I could write like Mr. Austin does, but I have not time when I am at home. I enclose a lovely parody about Mr. Labouchere, but send a halfpenny stamp for that to be sent back, as I am certain if that appeared in print I should be prosecuted. Why is he not a detective? I'm sure he has mistaken his vocation. We take *Truth*, but like *The Sketch* immensely; even my kids like the pictures when it comes on Wednesdays.

A Leytonstone poet sent me a poem on Spring, and invited me to criticise his poetic powers. The closing sentence ran—

Poetry tingles through me to my finger-tips every minute of my life, and I feel that I need guidance and help such as I know you can give me.

I could not have advised that poet save by suggesting that he should do something to stop the tingle. But one young man whose work was promising I did venture to counsel. He wrote—

I think I ought to tell you that I have taken your advice that you gave me some little time ago. I am going up to London for a holiday next week. Do not be alarmed. I am not going to besiege you (you will have bores in plenty in London), though I shall take care to see "198, Strand" from the outside.

Speaking of visitors, I had occasion to correspond with an ancient mariner (*etat. seventy-five*). He wrote me in reply—

I Enjoy the best of Health so much so that I Did Contemplate having a Spin up to Town on the Bike but met with an Accident Some 3 Weeks ago the Bike Skidding with Me Causing a Sprained Ankle, With Pleasure I Shall have to Pospone for the Present but Should I Come up to Town Shortly Please God I May Pay you a Visit and Spin you a yarn that may not be Uniteresting.

Sometimes the opinions of my dramatic critic make my readers angry. "One Interested in 'The Yashmak'" requested that I should give pictures of the piece, "for this play has been falsely reported in nearly every paper. Could you not find a good word for it in *The Sketch*?"

One of the most curious letters, however, came from South Africa. It explains itself—

Having noticed a paragraph in *The Sketch* about Mr. —, of Melbourne, I may mention that he is my "Father." Having lost his last address, have not written to him for years. Should you know his whereabouts, we should be extremely grateful if you would send his address.

Finally, last week I got the following letter—

I should be glad to communicate to you my views regarding the amelioration of the people. I am endeavouring in — to establish a guild of social betterment and abolishing social shams and mockeries.

You see my rôle in life is a varied one. That is why I must have a holiday.



## MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS ON TOUR.

*Photographs by Kilpatrick, Belfast.*

Perhaps the most satisfactory description that can be given of "Dandy Dan" is to say that it consists for the most part of Arthur Roberts. The somewhat unenviable task of providing a flexible scenario for that expansile comedian has proved none too easy for Basil Hood, who has shown himself capable of better work. It is much to be deplored that the piece is a retrogression to the earlier form of musical entertainment, as ever since the coming of "The Ballet-Girl" provincial audiences have been hoping for the evolution of a more cohesive kind of piece, in which the interest shall be sequential rather than episodal. "Dandy Dan" deals in the old-fashioned halting manner with a commonplace romance of Hyde Park: the experiences of a pretty nursemaid who has a harrowing quarter of an hour owing to the theft of her infantile charge by a jealous-minded policeman, what time she is gallivanting about with a fascinating redecoat. By the way, would it not have been better—seeing the predominance of redecoats, nursemaids, and policemen in the motley background, and remembering the pervasive strain of "Rule Britannia" throughout—to have styled the piece "The Red, White, and Blue"? As the thin filigree of plot slowly developed itself, one was inclined to think that Captain Hood had taken a leaf out of Mr. Oscar Barrett's book, and fashioned his hotch-potch out of "The Area Belle" and "In the Ranks"; but the theory was scattered to the winds early in the second act, wherein the train of thought is suddenly turned on to another



LADIES MARGARET, CICELY, AND LETTY PTARMIGAN (MISS KATE ERSKINE, MISS GLADYS BYRD, AND MISS FRANCES BALFOUR).

track in order that the Great Trickoli may convulse the house by the multiplicity of his disguises. As for Mr. Walter Slaughter's music, it is as fresh and as fragrant as new-mown hay, and withal as dainty as Dresden china. It responds charmingly to the mood of the moment, and will do much by its elegance and grace to redeem the triteness of the humour. Under any circumstances, "Dandy Dan" could hardly fail to attract, for Roberts the resourceful has the sustaining powers of Sandow and the drawing capacity of a Clydesdale horse. His morsel of sustained pantomime illustrating the incidents of supper for two at Romano's causes roars of laughter, and makes one long to see him try a fall in a wordless play with some of the foreign mimes. Than this, nothing more humorously or more delicately expressive has been seen. The excellent company in support is not overburdened with opportunities, but Miss Isa Bowman is bright and piquant as Mary the nursemaid, and Mr. Harry Kilburn shows the possession of comic powers as the amative and doggerel-scribbling policeman. Mr. Blake Adams extracts every ounce of humour out of the highly charged part of the ultra-parsimonious Scot, and his two gillies are effectively rendered by Messrs. Cremlin and Bellamy. A capital bit of character-acting is given by Mr. Leon Roche as the

patriotic old salt with the rousing ditty "There ain't no place like Britain," and Miss Kate Erskine, formerly a prima-donna of Gilbert and Sullivan opera in the provinces, plays and sings very daintily as Lady Margaret.



DANDY DAN (MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS) AND HIS MARY (MISS ISA BOWMAN).



MARY FAINTS IN DANDY DAN'S ARMS AT THE IDEA OF A WASP IN HER BACK HAIR.



### "RIP VAN WINKLE," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

On Saturday night, at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. E. C. Hedmond made a singularly gallant attempt to bring back to London the charms of romantic comic opera, which, with too persistent a constancy in our fickleness, we have for so long rejected in favour of the popular musical farce. It was an ambitious experiment, and met with a measure of success, but it can scarcely be said to have reached a sufficiently reasonable point of attractiveness to win lasting support for the cause which it was pioneering. The book, written by "William Akerman," tells the old story coherently and plainly enough, yet scarcely with sufficient point, significance, or wit in the dialogue that one should remember anything

much of what may, after all, be called decorated commonplace; the decoration is quite pleasing, it is true, but it does not hide the merry worm of baldness and obviousness that lurks below. Still, just as the book might have passed muster if the music had been more brilliant, so, I fancy, the music would probably have sufficed if the book had been solid enough and clever enough to carry the opera with it. The two things, however, are neither of them up to the level of genuine success, and each leans for support on the other, which neither of them is able to give. Mr. Hedmond as Rip worked like a carthorse and had many agreeable moments. Miss Attalie Claire, as Rip's wife, Gretchen, seemed quite conversant with all the dramatic and operatic conventions of this or any other period; Mr. Homer Lind's



MISS ATTALIE CLAIRE AS GRETCHEN IN "RIP VAN WINKLE," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

in it that was either remarkable or of real literary value. Under these circumstances, the one or two real flaws in the construction and arrangement of the piece, which might have been disguised by any great or distinguished merit in the writing, stood out with a glaring persistence. Rip's adventure in the Catskill Mountains, in which he is tempted to join a handsome young lady in a skirt-dance, becomes nothing short of ridiculous, and helped, therefore, to spoil what should have been the most effective scene in the play. With a really brilliant book, such details would not have been worth noting; as it is, they seem painfully important.

The music by Mr. Franco Leoni is quite good of its kind, but, like the libretto, not good enough. It abounds with pleasant light melody, with melody of the best drawing-room type, and it is very prettily orchestrated. There is a good deal in it that is charmingly vocal and attractive; but it has no striking originality, and contains, I fear, far too

Derrick was earnest and sincere, but exaggerated; Mr. Herbert Linwood sang well; Mr. Arthur Winckworth was quite good as the landlord of the inn; and Miss Ross-Selwicke as a spirit of the mountains found many opportunities for displaying taste and elegance of pose.

Miss Attalie Claire, the prima-donna at Her Majesty's, is a Canadian. She made her debut in Boston when fourteen years of age, and was engaged to accompany Patti and Tamagno on an operatic tour through the United States. Miss Claire next appeared for a season of opera at the Opera House, New York, singing Marguerite in "Faust," "Carmen," "Martha," and "The Bohemian Girl." When eighteen years of age she came to London, and appeared in "Captain Therèse," "The Rose and the Ring," and "Maid Marian," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. She returned to New York to play in "La Cigale," and at the conclusion of this engagement she married Dr. A. Kayne and retired from public life for a time.



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## PESHAWAR EN FÊTE.

I was in Peshawar for a few days in the spring of 1895, and, by good fortune, my visit coincided with one of the great Mahomedan feasts that bring together the wandering Mullahs, beggars, and other quasi-holy men, who roam from village to village in the hills. The town was a strange sight, the narrow streets a seething mass of Pathans of every variety, some in sheepskins, some in fur caps, but the most in the ample rough linen clothes that are the staple dress of the border folk. The Peshawaris wear wrapped round their shoulders a long cloak of so dark a blue that it looks quite black, with bars of gaudily coloured silk embroidery at the ends. But the strict natives of the town were in a minority at that time, and one saw a real microcosm of the neighbouring tribes. The men were mostly tall, swarthy, and, to the European eye, of sinister expression. Their eyes shone with extraordinary lustre, a thing one notices constantly among coloured people who are athletic. The most were black-bearded and their skins a deep brown. Some, who I suppose were Persians, or had Persian blood, were much paler and more

walked slowly through the seated figures around him. Some called out, as if in agreement or to applaud. A few stretched out their hands and dropped small coins into the beggar's bowl he carried by a short strap from his arm. The bowl was a picturesque affair, the half of a huge gourd, black and veined like a cocoanut and polished like ebony.

I made my way to him, and, through an interpreter, begged him to stand while I took his photograph. Everybody rose from the ground to overhear the conversation, with that eager curiosity that is so characteristic of an Eastern crowd. My eye was greatly taken with his strings of beads and his bowl, and I asked if he would sell them to me. The beads were really curious, mostly polished pebbles of various colours; but there were odd bits of worthless porcelain among them, and two very large Nepal turquoises. I noticed two pieces of carnelian, jasper, and porphyry, all of them roughly shaped, pierced, of course, and brought to a smoothness that sometimes amounted to a polish, but usually looked as if it were long use only that had worn them so. Whether it was a sense of natural dignity, a sentiment of pious association, or mere contempt for the moderate sum—one rupee—which I offered that



A MULLAH OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

the colour of Parsees, but bigger and more wiry. Of women one saw so few, and those hooded, that, beyond noting that they were tall and broad, there was nothing to be learnt about them.

Of religious ceremonies there did not seem to be much that was serious going on. Here and there one found a green-turbaned Hadji, or an uncouth wanderer like the one photographed, holding forth in an open space. This fellow, whose fur hood and rather unusual cast of feature seemed quite strange in that prevalence of Semitic types, spoke with great dramatic power, a fine flow of sonorous words, and great apparent sincerity. The crowd, picturesquely grouped in the surrounding bazaar, listened attentively, the smiling-faced boys in front, the older men sitting cross-legged on the floor, and the neighbouring roofs, which are only some ten feet from the ground, affording a platform for an additional audience. My friend spoke for some time, and was well listened to. Our irreverent arrival in the middle of the harangue for a moment distracted the audience, for to many there a white man was still something of a curiosity. But attention did not wander for long. I remember it struck me as curious that there was nothing apparently devotional in the performance. Great parts of his address, I learnt, were extracts from the Koran; some sounded so rhythmical that I felt certain they were not extempore. At the close he turned abruptly and

explained his flat refusal to trade, I could not understand. But, taking the last supposition as a probable one, I doubled the bid, and, on his still refusing, incontinently doubled again.

The attendant crowd had grown steadily in the meanwhile, the boys and younger men crowding to the front. They were all immensely excited over the attempted bargain. Some urged the holy man to sell, others advised him to hold out. When it came to eight rupees, however, there was a pause. The sum was really princely, for though, as curiosities, the beads and bowl might be worth that to me, no one in Peshawar would have given as many pice for the lot. Two enormous Afridis, persons of note I should imagine from their authoritative bearing, pushed up to the front, and had no sooner mastered the situation than with but few words they explained to my antagonist that he was the Afridi equivalent of an ass to refuse, and, before he could answer, took the beads off his neck and the bowl from his arm, and gave them to me, handing my eight rupees to him in return.

The settlement seemed to my ideas a little summary, but on the whole it gave satisfaction. I have often wondered since whether any of my acquaintances of the Peshawar fair are now prowling about the Khyber, looking for Englishmen to pot at, and whether my Mullah friend is preaching a jihad against us.

A. H. P.



## "SCOTS WHA HAE": THE WILLIAM WALLACE SEX-CENTENARY.

What Tell is to the Swiss, Washington to the Americans, William Wallace is to the Scottish people. The Knight of Ellerslie holds in the Scottish heart an even dearer place than Bruce, doubtless on account of his having struck the first blow for freedom—Bruce but completed the work Wallace had begun—and because of his tragic and untimely fate.

The story goes that Wallace's first exploit as deliverer of his country took place on a fine spring Sunday at Lanark Kirk, when he slew a jeering Englishman. This alone, however, would not have brought him to the front. It was not only personal prowess, but sheer force of character, soundness of judgment, and that freedom of manner natural to great leaders of men which set William Wallace in the forefront of his compatriots and of his time. Very quickly he was at the head of a large irregular force, with which he gained the battle of Stirling Bridge on Sept. 11, 1297. In a year's time he was "Guardian of Scotland" and, although the second title was not assumed, Ravager of England,

for he took terrible reprisals on the Southron, leaving the three northern counties of England a complete wilderness. Scarce a year later Edward crushed the patriot at Falkirk. Wallace repaired to France, where Philip the Fair first encouraged and then tried to betray him. Sir William returned to Scotland, lived as an outlaw in Torwood Forest, and was at length betrayed into Edward's hands by Sir John Monteith. His fate at Smithfield is too well known and too horrible to bear recounting. His exploits, sung by Blind Harry, are among the fondest traditions of the North, and on Sept. 11, the sex-centenary of the battle of Stirling Bridge, Scotsmen will unite in doing honour to their hero, to whose memory have been erected noble monuments at Stirling, Aberdeen, and Ayr. But this year has already seen a Wallace celebration. On Aug. 23, the

anniversary of the patriot's execution, the Wallace statue at Aberdeen was decorated with two wreaths and a bunch of heather. A fervid Scot, Mr. Theodore Napier, placed one garland on the head of the figure. Another wreath was placed in the hero's right hand as the tribute of Sir Robert Menzies, representing the Clan Menzies. The bunch of heather

was the gift of "Granny Watson from Forfarshire." Evidently, like "Marjorie of the Moors," "Granny Watson's" auld Scots bluid is true. After the wreathing, "Scots wha hae" was sung.

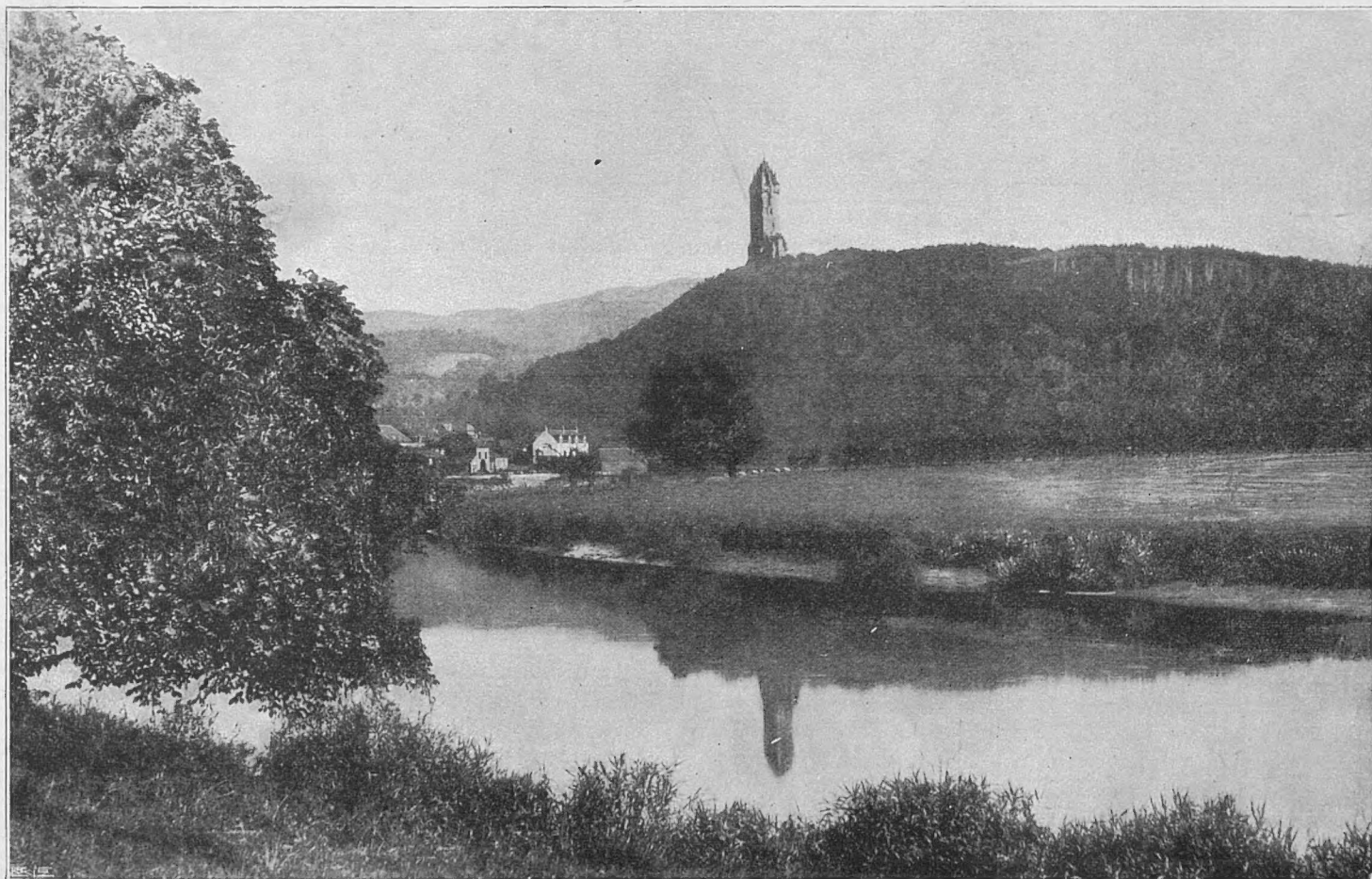
A curious example of the willingness of Scotland to commemorate Wallace by hook or by crook is seen at Aberdeen, not, of course, in the colossal statue on the Viaduct, but in an out-of-the-way corner of the ancient port, the Netherkirkgate. There, within a niche in an ancient tower, is a rude stone effigy of a knight with a little dog at his feet, and this I was taught in my infancy to revere as Sir William Wallace. The place is called Wallace Nook, and the tower, now a public-house, Wallace



WALLACE TOWER AND HIGH STREET, AYR.

Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

Tower. But, alas for the illusions of youth! Time and local philology have taught that Wallace Nook is a corruption, the true name of the place being Well-House, or probably it may be Wall-House, Nook. But the statue? Alas! critical examination declares it to be a monumental effigy ravished from some knightly tomb. It ought to be recumbent, and its present condition, "erect upon two legs" (as Buzfuz described Pickwick), renders it impossible truthfully to continue the aforesaid Buzfuz's description and to say that it "bears all the semblance of a man and not of a monster." Yet Wallace it has been for many years to young Aberdeen, and Wallace it will be for years to come. To some sons of Bon-accord the grotesque is more full of patriotic suggestion than the stately Colossus that ever seems to fling his defiance across the southward hills.



WALLACE MONUMENT AND ABBEY CRAIG, STIRLING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE, DUNDEE.

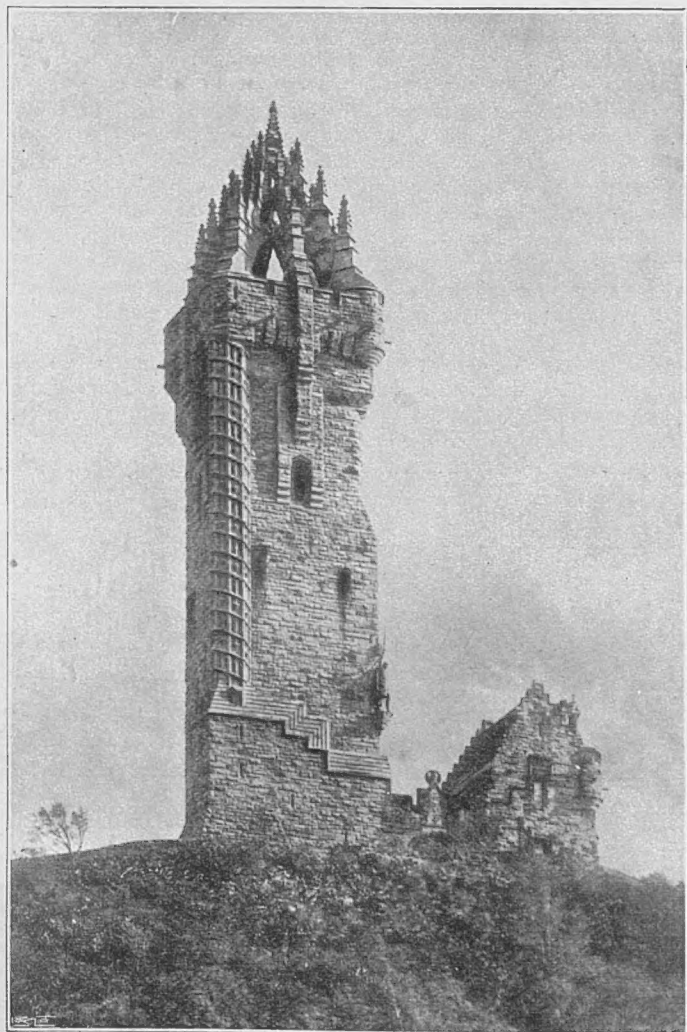


## SMALL TALK.

Birthdays, wedding-days, and fête-days of various kinds are coming and going in the Court of King Christian of Denmark. Prince Charles of Sweden and Norway married Princess Ingeborg, daughter of the Crown Prince, last week, and this week Queen Louise celebrates her eightieth birthday, and for various successive weeks, so far as one can see, the rejoicings will continue. The bridal pair, true son and daughter of a land of Vikings, are to spend their honeymoon on sea and mount and fell. The royal yacht *Dannebrog* received them on the night of their wedding-day, and bore them straight away to the Tyrol, where they will spend some days, returning in time for her Swedish Majesty's birthday.

Marriages are many among the royal Danes at the present time. That of the eldest son of the Crown Prince to Duchess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin will take place in the near future; that of Princess Thyra, it is said, will be celebrated at the same time; Princess Ingeborg's are the nuptials of to-day; those of our own Princess Maud to Prince Charles are not yet forgotten, and it is not so very long since the echoes of the wedding-bells of the first of the group, Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Crown Prince, died away. Each of the Danish brides and bridegrooms is well-endowed, for though the kroners of the peninsula are not so numerous as they might be, the Crown Princess Louise, *née* of Sweden and Norway, brought with her so large a fortune that she has been able to make generous provision for each of her many children and yet have to spare for herself.

Lord Penrhyn of the Quarries, as he will henceforth be styled, has held out against what he considered as undue encroachment on his prerogative with resolution and tenacity of purpose worthy of the Old Grey Man from whom he is descended. The dispute has lasted little less than a year, and now each side claims the victory, the one with the noise and effusion to be expected from their numbers and their idiosyncrasies, the other with the silence and reserve of a canny Scot. Geographically speaking, Lord Penrhyn is a Welshman; from all other points of view he hails from north of the Border. The first Baron was a grandson of James, fourteenth Earl of Morton, and the names of Sholto, Gordon, and the rest, together with the dour old motto, "Lock Sicker," are still retained in the family. The first Lord, who died at an advanced



THE WALLACE MONUMENT AT STIRLING.

Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

age in 1886, married a Miss Pennant of Llandegai, and, on bestowing her hand and her castle of Penrhyn upon her lover, she required of him that he should assume her name. When Lord Penrhyn declared he had a "right to do as he liked with his own," he forgot the country and the century in which he lived, and went back in imagination to

Castle Dangerous and the days when even kings must have sometimes considered if the Douglas had anything to say to the contrary before they could call the crowns on their heads their own.

The exceeding frequency of the caterer who is made, if not in the hackneyed country, at least somewhere on "the Continong," has moved Mr. Frank Blackley, manager of the Inns of Court Hotel, Holborn,



STATUE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE AT ABERDEEN.

Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

strenuously to urge the claims of hotel-keeping as a profession upon the enterprising young men of this country. Mr. Blackley read a paper on this subject at the Cookery and Food Exhibition, Niagara Hall, in May this year, and his essay is republished in the columns of the *Chef and Connoisseur*. Mr. Blackley holds that the profession offers unusually fine scope for men of business and organising talent. It requires a long and varied training, for acquiring which, Mr. Blackley laments, too little chance is afforded. Were better opportunity given, he holds that the profession would advance tremendously in utility and in the public esteem, and that at length we should be able to conquer all foreign competition. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Very tardy indeed in the matter of doing honour to an artistic prophet in his own country have been the people of Urbino, who have only just had erected a statue of their illustrious fellow-townsmen, Raphael. As a proof of how leisurely they manage these matters in Italy, I might point out that this monument was decreed by the late King Victor Emmanuel, as being a work of public utility, as far back as 1865. That is to say, since then have occurred the Austro-Prussian War, the Franco-German conflict, and the establishment of a United Italy.

In Raphael's boyhood and youth, I should add, Urbino was celebrated for the numerous men of letters who gathered together at the Court of the young duke, Guid' Ubaldo. Indeed, Castiglione's "Courtier," a book that had numerous editions and was translated into many tongues, contains a vivid account of life in Urbino at that time. Castiglione himself, who was once Ambassador to Henry VII., wrote some touching lines on the death of Raphael, by whom his portrait had been painted. One of the visitors to Urbino was Bernardo Dovizio, author of one of the earliest of Italian comedies, afterwards Cardinal, who had offered Raphael in marriage the hand of a niece of his.

Here is a sidelight on service up on the North-West frontier. In the last-received copy of the *Calcutta Asion* appears a letter, dated from Malakand, written by an officer who wants to know the correct dimensions of a racquet-court. Evidently the Swat Valley force have now time for a little amusement, and anticipate a stay more or less prolonged in that delectable region.



Miss Adèle Ritchie, the prima-donna in the musical comedy of "The Wizard of the Nile," produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre last Monday, is a young actress whose blonde beauty and charming voice will probably create as great a sensation in London this season as they effected in New York three years ago, when she, a mere tyro in the profession, succeeded Miss Marie Tempest as leading lady in "The Algerian," and at once



MISS ADELE RITCHIE.  
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

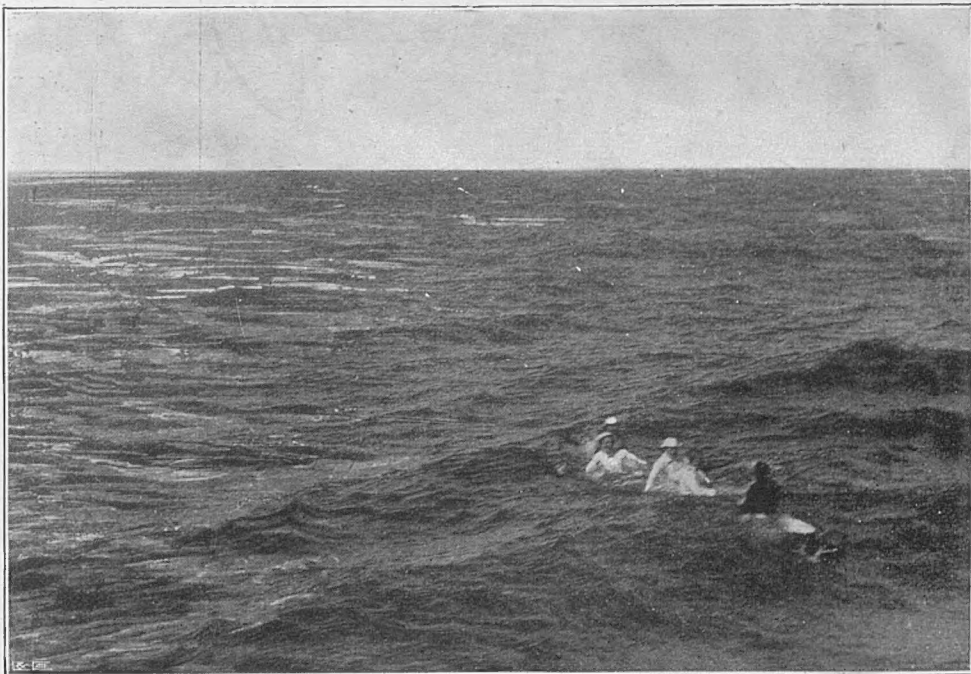
became famous. Sprung from a Southern stock, but born in Philadelphia and educated in a convent, Miss Ritchie had no influence that she could bring to bear to push her at once to the front except her rare vocal inheritance. Her short career, however, has been a succession of brilliant triumphs in "The Algerian" wherever she has appeared in the United States and in the chief towns of Canada. In a lighter rôle in "The Mandarin," wherein her graceful dancing was much admired, she was an immense favourite, while in her present character as Cleopatra, in "The Wizard of the Nile," still further scope for the exhibition of her great talent presents itself. Miss Ritchie's voice is a grand *soprano dramatique*, and her register reaches to upper C and D. Fortunately, the sympathy has not been trained out of it. Having greatly assisted in stage-managing "The Wizard of the Nile" at the Shaftesbury, Miss Ritchie may be fairly credited with much of the success of its production and irrespectively of her efforts before the footlights.

The attempt made by four Old Etonians to row across the Channel was undoubtedly undertaken rather in a spirit of pure frolic than out of lust for "kudos." Still, some have greatness thrust upon them, and the ardent though subsequently much-bedraggled adventurers probably feel that such is their case. Publicity, however, ought to be the sweeter that it came unsought, and our oarsmen need not repine because their fame has blossomed during the Silly Season. Theirs is, indeed, the big gooseberry of reputation, and their renown bids fair to eclipse that of the seasonable Sea Serpent, so who shall cavil at their eminence? Rather do they deserve a meed of gratitude, in that they have enlivened the hour with a sensation not altogether hackneyed. So, as William would say to them, we drink with "Hoch!" and again, "Hoch!" and a third time, "Hoch!" That they did a risky thing (for one was an amateur oarsman and less than an amateur swimmer) ought to call rather for praise than for the censure which has been meted out to the new Argonauts by a too serious scribe. It is true the Press has been generous of moral emblems (in the way of portraiture of the heroes), so it may be permitted its admonition. The voyagers were so damped by the luckless conclusion of their attempt that it is only the Good Samaritan's part to cheer them up with a little blast of Fame's trumpet. Nor need they be grieved overmuch that Fame is, in this instance, only trumpeting abroad a failure. Their undertaking was not serious; it was but a mere frolic, and frolics are, as a general rule, accompanied by a good deal of noise. This these plucky oarsmen, no doubt, foresaw when they counted the cost of their risky adventure.

Those who visit the Lyceum on Saturday evening next will be present at a crisis in the dramatic career of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. That lady dazzled us all by her wonderful presentation of Mrs. Tanqueray; the not dissimilar part of Mrs. Ebbsmith she also acted with a certain measure of force. There was a distinct falling-off, but there was capacity all the same. Since then Mrs. Campbell has taken a number of parts, and they have all of them lacked the slightest distinction. She made a very bad Juliet, and her Magda was absurd to those who had seen Signora Duse and Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Ophelia has been the favourite part of many distinguished actresses, and we shall be able to make up our minds on Saturday whether Mrs. Patrick Campbell was an actress of one part only or whether she is entitled to take a place in the ranks of the distinguished.

The Scot in London can hardly be called the Scot abroad, for he is terribly at ease, not to say at home, in Zion. Still, for his further ease and "home comfort" he is ever on the look-out, for in London he has waxed luxurious. Consequently the institution of the Caledonian Club ought to be welcome to "gentlemen of recognised Scottish descent or those connected with Scotland," who alone, to quote the prospectus, are eligible. The reasons for the existence of a thoroughly representative Scottish Club in London are, we agree with the prospectus aforesaid, too numerous to give in detail. That such a club should not already exist seems surprising. Is the Scot in London, then, not a "clubbable" mortal? Assuredly he is; only he is cautious: he ca's canny and takes time. The new club-house at 30, Charles Street, St. James's, S.W., will be opened as soon as certain structural alterations have been effected. Original members elected before the opening of the club-house will pay no entrance-fee. Town members will pay eight guineas, country members six guineas, naval and military members (officers on full pay) five guineas, supernumerary members abroad one guinea. In the club the traditions of the country are to be encouraged and upheld, so every good Scot must of sheer patriotism communicate with Captain A. Willoughby Spens (late 71st H.L.I.), the secretary, who will be glad to receive the names of intending members. On the committee are the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir James Fergusson, Sir Donald Stewart, and many other Scots of position.

Mr. Henry Gillman may fairly claim to have given his supporters at the Crystal Palace a real novelty in the cycle-polo game. With polo we are all more or less familiar. I confess that two of my earliest ambitions were to marry a once celebrated burlesque actress and possess a polo-pony like the one belonging to her son, who was only a year or so older than I. Water-polo, too, is a familiar game, and one that may often be watched at the seaside; but polo on cycles, at present only to be seen at Sydenham, is a most fascinating novelty, because of the scope it gives to the skilled cyclist. The ball is driven by the cyclist's wheel, and he has learned, by careful manipulation of his machine, to receive the ball in such manner as will drive it in the desired direction at the best angle. The game came to the Crystal Palace a few weeks ago, but I had no opportunity of seeing it until the other evening, when I added a valued unit to the sum of an enthusiastic crowd, and watched a game I never saw before and hope to see again. To its most capable exponents the cycle grants some charm of grace; the man who has reduced his mount to a condition of implicit obedience looks almost as well on cycle as on horseback. It is a pleasing sight to see the wheelmen ably intercept the flying ball and move to and fro in all directions with the dexterity and ease that long practice and natural ability have engendered. Mr. Gillman may write the cycling-polo game down as a big success; I am sure that it has attracted many visitors to the Crystal Palace.



THE OLD ETONIANS' ATTEMPT TO ROW ACROSS THE CHANNEL: THE SWAMPED BOAT.

Snapshot by George Spicer, Dover.



Everyone will remember Sir William Gordon-Cumming and his marriage, under somewhat romantic circumstances, some few years ago. I give here a very pretty portrait of Lady Gordon-Cumming and her children. The eldest, Elma, is a bright girl, now getting on for six years of age. Alistair, the young laird, is a bonny boy, as we see. Roualyen, the youngest child, is called after his great-uncle of South African hunting fame, and bids fair to rival that brave sportsman in build. Lady Gordon-Cumming is devoted to her children. "One of the most interesting sights at the Diamond Jubilee celebrations on the Altyre estate," a correspondent informs me, "was when Sir William—after an eloquent speech in reply to the toast of his health—lifted his son and heir on to a chair beside him, and addressing him, said, 'Now, old man, say "thank you."' This Alistair did in a very pleasant manner, his bright, chubby face betokening that he meant what he said."

"The Sports of the Queen's Empire" is the name of the fifth album in which Messrs. Cassell have celebrated the Record Reign. The pictures are beautifully printed, and the interests they present are varied.

I was in Dublin in the Horse Show week, and was profoundly impressed with the anxiety of the people to see the Duke and Duchess of York take up their residence in Ireland. The desire of tradesmen that Dublin should become the home of royalty is perfectly comprehensible for business reasons: but why should the jarvey who drives your hack-car, the porter who worries your baggage, the grazier who fore-gathers with you at the junction, having borrowed a match for his pipe—nay, every soul you meet, high or low—profess anxiety for royalty's presence if they are not in earnest? The wish always came in the form of a question—"Where will ye find a better country to live in, an' finer sport?" One man on the platform at Amiens Street, after enlarging on the advantages of Ireland as a land of residence, concluded with what seemed at first hearing a most incongruous remark: "*We've had not a man in this country since Mr. Parnell!*" One's first thought naturally was that the Duke of York as Mr. Parnell's successor proved confusion of ideas, but briefest reflection lays bare the Irishman's real feeling. He is a hero-worshipper to the backbone; a squabbling politician does not fill the bill, but a royal Duke with a pretty Duchess would fill the warm-hearted Hibernian's cup of content to overflowing.

The Dublin Horse Show over, masters of packs in Ireland have begun in earnest to teach young hounds and young foxes what is

expected of them. Wise is the fox cub who learns to run for his life when he hears hounds in covert, for, if his heart fails him and he stays to dodge about the undergrowth, his fate trembles in the balance. I often wonder what the feelings of the principal actors may be when the huntsman has to make the brief record in his diary, "Found a brace of cubs in Oak Wood and hustled 'em finely for a hour and half; young hounds entering well, awful keen." Several English packs; and in Scotland the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, open the cubbing campaign before the last day of August. To anyone who enjoys seeing hounds at work, cub-hunting offers peculiar attractions; and in September the

informal meet at seven, or, it may be, even five o'clock, is delightful to him who thinks early rising no hardship.

There is alarming news from the Midland Counties. The supply of cubs threatened to fall off, so some ardent hunters have imported cubs—made in Germany. The country has risen; the farmers have protested. Home-bred Reynard is bad enough; he will get hungry, and snap up unconsidered trifles from fowl-house and poultry-yard; but his German cousin is keener—toothed, more savage, more greedy, and the sturdy British farmer—a fine term, that last—will have none of him. I share neither the surprise nor the alarm. The German fox, two-legged variety, has made his dwelling-place in our big cities for so long that it is only natural for the four-legged species to treat the country with the same favour. I do not go often into the City of London, because the noise, hurry, and bustle, all so much worse than they were when Heinrich Heine wrote his famous protest, worry me intensely. When I cannot help myself and must go to the City, I find the trail of the German fox all over the place. His many names meet me at every turn from windows where not so many years ago some



LADY GORDON-CUMMING AND HER CHILDREN.  
Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street, W.C.

English name stared at such sun as shone upon the E.C. district, commonplace but unashamed. Where be you now, countless scions of the useful-houses of Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson? In many cases you serve German masters to-day, or, if you have escaped that humiliation, you face the world with larger responsibilities and smaller profits. The German fox has almost appropriated the City, and his relatives are now in the country. Under these circumstances, will the odium attaching to vulpicide exist much longer? The question is before the farmers. I await their decision with interest. In any case, if German foxes are to provide the staple sport of the Shires in the coming season, the loyal British foxhound will doubtless enjoy life even more than usual.



The *Globe* lately told us that sea-bathing is quite out of fashion in France, and quoted a writer in the *Gaulois* to the effect that the sea is now quite useless at Deauville and Trouville. The Netherlands, it would seem, are more fortunate; at any rate, as I turn over the pages of *La Vie d'Ostende*, by "Mars" (published by Lyon-Claesen, Paris), the reflection arises that in some parts of "the Continong" sea-bathing



THE TITLE-PAGE OF "MARS" LATEST ALBUM.

must still be pretty vigorous. It may be that there are elements in the clever work of "Mars" which one would wish etherealised—his fleshliness we gibe not at, *qua* flesh; only it should be more convincing to be tolerable—but all the same, his drawings have their own charm of verve and character. The Ostend album makes a pleasant companion for an odd half-hour. Apart from the detail already alluded to, there is a great deal of admirable work throughout the pages. The children and old men are delightfully characteristic, and two figures of little girl fish-carriers have a sureness and force altogether pleasing. One of the figures, it may be, just hints at the exaggeration which is "Mars'" besetting sin, but there is forgiveness in this instance. Of similar handling and like excellence are "Quelque Types de la Minque." As for the scenes of sea-bathing, it may be that, if it was at Trouville and Deauville even as it is pictured at Ostend, there was some reason for its going out of fashion in France.

Let me confess (writes a contributor to *The Sketch*) that the article in last week's issue on palmistry came as a severe blow to me. Less than a fortnight ago, during a pleasant visit to the Isle of Wight, I chanced upon a lady palmist on Shanklin Pier. I paid her a visit, and was more than charmed. She discovered at once that I am of a most refined and artistic temperament, that mundane considerations do not rise into my scheme of life; that I am, in fact, one of the best. Very many of my friends whose good opinion I value have not yet, I fear, found this out. The lady went on to say that I was destined to secure a great artistic success, that the ruling ambition of my life would be realised, that I need make no plans for my own advancement, because they would come ready-made. All this and more, for two shillings. I went out, treading on air; the day, previously torn by wind and shower, became, on a sudden, divinely summer-like; I felt that at last I had found the truth. To add to my happiness, two charming lady friends had their hands read on the same day and told me that the palmist had said much that was certainly true and more that might become so. I built a castle without more delay, a castle with the latest electric fittings and a few thousand acres of game-stocked covert round—a castle in Spain. I then offered myself, with all future advantages, to a friendly financier for the small sum of two thousand a-year for life; he, too, reads this paper, and the deal is off. My castle is now in ruins; my heart, then up in the skies, is now down in my boots. Why is not palmistry quite true?

Some days ago I walked down Fleet Street in pensive mood, suffering from a bad attack of daily papers. I had read half-a-dozen a few hours ago; they sounded a note of disaster throughout the length and breadth of the world. Everywhere there appeared to be an epidemic of unrest; the grave troubles on the Indian frontier seemed to find an echo in distant lands and places near at hand. For a brief moment a horrid season had replaced the silly one. Not unnaturally I fell to wondering what effect some national catastrophe would have upon Londoners if it came to their doors, instead of being so many thousands of miles away that it read like a fairy-tale. At first I felt inclined to believe that the average Londoner has no mind to consider tragedies outside the four-mile radius, then I rebuked myself severely for contempt of my species. While yet tingling with my own rebuke, I paused by a crossing to allow the newspaper-carts to race past me to the corner where dozens of street arabs were waiting for "speshuls," and many of the public were assembled to buy. One paper's contents bill read, "Alarming news from India," and I felt my nerves shaken at the sight. But the sub-editor of the other knew his public. His contents bill read, "Surrey's shocking start," and when the carts

came to rest the great public brought its incense of halfpennies to the shrine of the paper that gave the latest from Kennington Oval, and left Indian affairs to be settled by Sir Bindon Blood and his colleagues, without exhibiting any interest therein.

The country bumpkin has come to town. I have seen him—nay, worse, I have heard him, *sa voix m'écorche les oreilles*. I do not deny his right to live, although I have my doubts as to the propriety of his continued existence in London; I only ask him to look at our national monuments without standing still in crowded thoroughfares open-mouthed. I beg of him to mitigate the shocking accent that drove me to French in lieu of profanity a few lines higher up the paragraph. I beg him not to express his approval of places and things aloud, not to hit his companion in the ribs and use a word that sounds like "foine." Let him cease to ask me the way to the British Museum. In short, let him reflect that the pace of London life wears out men's nerves, makes them old before their time and irritable before their dinner. At night, when the dinner is past and the aroma of a choice cigar is all that is left to remind us of the pleasant hour, the spirit of forgiveness that comes upon us embraces even the country bumpkin. When, on the other hand, we are up and doing, something or somebody, the country visitor is hardly to be borne, and must not force himself upon us in the heavy, callous way that is his wont.

The recent festivities at Clandon Park to celebrate the coming of age of Lord Cranley, eldest son of the Earl of Onslow, included a fancy-dress ball of more than usual interest, for the Onslow family, that race of Speakers, represented for the nonce certain of their famous ancestors departed. In the photograph which I reproduce, Lord Onslow appears as Richard Onslow, who was Speaker to the House of Commons in Queen Elizabeth's time, Lord Cranley as Sir Richard Onslow, Speaker in Queen Anne's reign, while the Hon. Victor Onslow impersonates the famous Arthur Onslow, who was elected Speaker in January 1726 and adorned the office until March 1761. Upon his retirement Mr. Speaker Onslow received the unanimous thanks of the House over which he had so long and honourably presided. At the same time, by the Commons' especial desire, Mr. Speaker Onslow received a Crown pension of three thousand pounds. The Countess of Onslow did not follow the ancestral tradition, but appeared as the Princesse de Lamballe, Mistress of the Household to Marie Antoinette. The ball took place on Aug. 26, three days after Lord Cranley's birthday. The title of Cranley is



THE EARL OF ONSLOW, LORD CRANLEY, AND THE HON. VICTOR ONSLOW IN FANCY DRESS AT CLANDON PARK.

Photo by Shawcross, Guildford.

derived from George, fourth Baron Onslow, a son of the great Speaker, Arthur Onslow, who before his succession to the title had himself been raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Cranley. This first Baron Cranley was cousin to Richard, third Baron Onslow, who was a grandson of Queen Anne's Speaker, Richard Onslow, with whom the Onslow barony originated.



Not even the Czar of All the Russias is safe from the eye of the camera. This week I am enabled to reproduce a photograph of his Imperial Majesty and the Czaritza, taken informally just before the review held in honour of President Faure at Krasnoe Selo on Aug. 25. The immense parade-ground of Krasnoe Selo is fairly level, but here and there the ground is undulating. On a narrow hillock, the Imperial tent, a pavilion thirty-six feet high, was pitched. Over it floated the Imperial



THE CZAR AND CZARITZA AT KRASNOE SELO.

Photo by Underwood and Underwood, New York and London.

Standard, and to right and left were two grand stands, one for the Court and for foreign Military Attachés, the other for the public. Away at the further end of the field were massed the troops, to the number of about fifty thousand men. As the Emperor and his guest approached, every band on the ground played the "Marseillaise." The Czar then conducted the Czaritza and President Faure to the first row of seats on the eminence overlooking the parade-ground. As soon as the Imperial party were seated, the Czar left the coign of vantage, and, descending again to the plain, mounted his superb charger and rode to the saluting-point. As each regiment marched past, his Majesty greeted it with the words "I thank you, my lads," to which the men responded "We are happy in pleasing your Majesty." That the "paternal" idea of the Russian Sovereign is strong in the people these pretty customs are sufficient evidence. It is a pity the sentiment is not allowed freer play, for then we should, perhaps, hear a good deal less of the underground thunder of Nihilism.

The free-and-easy method, indeed, would seem to be the true solution to the problem of the relations of Sovereign and subject. While Czars exchange hearty greetings with their troops and get snapshotted while gallantly escorting wife and guest to a good place at a review, other monarchs exchange civilities with the bright and beautiful English girl and—get snapshotted too. It chanced the other day, at Ostend, that his Majesty Leopold, King of the Belgians, was seated on the parade, enjoying the sea-breezes and all the pleasures of "La Digue," when lo! enter to him, uninvited, with her camera, Miss Violet Crane, who, Esther-like, craved a boon—"Might she have the honour of photographing his Majesty?" His Majesty did not consent, yet, graciously assuming the rôle of Ahasuerus, he did not altogether withhold the golden sceptre. "It is impossible," he answered, "for me to give you permission, but I shall be delighted if you will do what you wish." "Je remercie bien votre Majesté," replied the audacious damsel, and the shutter clicked. The result of so much bravery is reproduced here.

Mr. Turnbull, honorary secretary of the British Anti-Dubbing Association, finds in the paragraph I recently wrote on the dubbing question inspiration for another long letter. I said, "I gather that the operation is actually illegal." Mr. Turnbull objects to the phrase, and points to the twenty-six convictions which have been obtained by way of dispelling the doubt he supposes to exist in my mind. Next, he assures me that "we practical men know, and our fellow-fanciers in the game sections know right well too, dubbing is nothing more nor less than a fashion." I am sorry I must differ from Mr. Turnbull so far as to hold dubbing a fashion which had much, and still has some, reason in it. I do not say enough reason to justify the practice, but enough to raise it above "a mere barbarous fashion." I do not quite

see how the fact—which I quite admit—that many a Hamburg or other bird "could lower a gamecock's colours" disproves or even affects my assertion that a gamecock regards fighting as the chief end and object of existence. All I claim is that this reprobate enjoys being beaten only less than he enjoys winning, thereby providing the dubber with an excuse for using his scissors. Mr. Turnbull states that the Poultry Club, the supreme court of fanciers, have "passed a formal resolution in which they stated their *disapproval* of the practice," and he adds, "Surely no stronger confirmation of our arguments is required than that." I suggest if the Poultry Club made dubbing a disqualification they would "go one better." If I understand Mr. Turnbull aright, vested interests give the poultry authorities pause in their desire to put an end to dubbing. Obviously there would be a great outcry if the powers that be suddenly declared that no dubbed bird was eligible for competition, and, for token that my sympathies are on the side of the gamecock, I suggest that prospective legislation would meet the case. Promulgate now at once a regulation making combs, wattles, and ear-lobes compulsory wear for cockerels hatched in 1898 and future seasons.

I note with amusement that a Congress of Women, headed by Lady Harberton, are to descend on Oxford in everything but petticoats. I don't know whether they mean to intimidate the dons into granting degrees to women; but the bloomer and the divided skirt will create a sensation of the High—

What boots it that the dons decline  
To grant the title that entices  
A maid to worship, at the shrine  
Of humble Cam and swagger Isis?  
To bar the ancient college arch  
Is all in vain (and more's the pity!),  
The amazons are on the march  
To capture Oxford's mannish city.  
I know you'll meet in every street  
The married dons' perambulators,  
And tutors in their own retreat  
May have recourse to incubators;  
And lady students walk the High,  
Or play the learned men at Girton,  
But that has ceased to satisfy,  
Because they have to put the skirt on.  
They long to meet on equal terms  
The mob of masculine carousers;  
And now they think they've found the germs  
Of conquest by adopting trousers.  
They come (with paragraphist's drum),  
According to the latest rumours,  
In costumes that will raise a hum,  
In knickerbockers and in bloomers.  
What ghastly horror must have struck  
The church that planned the rule monastic  
On seeing lovely woman tuck  
Her nether limbs in garb fantastic!  
For now you'll have to closely scan,  
In order to discover which is  
The good old woman, which the man,  
When both go in for wearing breeches.

Miss Alice Leibmann and a concert party are among the passengers on board the *Moor*, now on its way to the Cape. The talented young artist and her sister Miss Bertha Leibmann (whose photographs appear



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AT OSTEND.

elsewhere in this issue) will give a series of violin and pianoforte recitals in all the principal towns of South Africa, concluding at Bulawayo, and will then proceed to Japan, Constantinople, Alexandria, and Cairo, returning by way of Monte Carlo, where they are booked for a series of recitals in January next.



From a distant corner of the East I have got a letter from a little girl, addressed to the author of "The Dumpies." Here is what she writes—

DEAR MR. ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE,—We read your stories about Dumpyland every week, and like them very much. We want you to always go on writing about the Dumpies, as we are very fond of them, and we have called ourselves by their names. I am Wisacre, Rosie is Topsy-Joo, Wally is Commodore, Chow Jolly-boy, and Gordon and Noel are King Dumpling and Queen Dumpling-ee. We



THE MAIDENS WHO WERE AMUSED BY "THE DUMPIES."

Photo by Mowll and Morris, Liverpool.

don't know any baby small enough to call Dumplingette, but perhaps one will come. You haven't said how old Wisacre and the others are. I am nine, and all the rest are younger. We wish you would make a nice little book all about the Dumpies, and send it to Persia for us. If you do we will send you some money, and when we come to England we will come to see you if you like. Please tell us where Dumpyland is. Mamma doesn't know.—I am your affectionate friend, WISACRE IRENE.

I have, indeed, had a great many pleasant letters from other youthful correspondents in connection with those "Dumpy" articles. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, the author of the series, ought to be a very happy man at having given so much pleasure. He is an American, as is also Mr. Frank Ver-Beck, the artist. Many of my correspondents have asked if we were going to collect the stories in book form, and they will be glad to know that Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. are shortly to publish them as a volume. I give here the portraits of both author and artist.

President Faure's triumphal progress from Cronstadt to Peterhof and back has inspired to "singable" verse some of the bardlings and composers of the Boulevards. Antonin Louis, for instance, a popular song-writer, has transformed a quondam Boulangist ditty of his into a ballad in honour of "Féliskoff," and has also based a patriotic poem upon a Russian air; Emile Chérêt, another of the brotherhood, has waxed enthusiastic about "Félix Faure," "roi des fêtes triomphales," and "ami du Tsar," and their comrades have followed suit. But, of course, these effusions have no more merit than that possessed by the doggerel that passes muster in the London music-halls.

It must be admitted that, however much we may boast of British institutions, we have nothing to show—indeed, the world has nothing to show—similar to the Théâtre Français, or, as French people generally prefer to call their time-honoured theatrical establishment, the Comédie Française. Kings may come, Emperors may go, Republics may arise, but the Comédie goes on for ever. Even during the dread days of the Revolution the national theatre never lowered its flag, and although most people nowadays prefer wealth to fame, it can be truly asserted that no French actor or actress would forego the glory of having belonged to "la Maison de Molière." Those among us who pay a flying visit to Paris do not realise the treasures contained in this quaint and rather shabby-looking French playhouse, for the more valuable possessions of the Français are not shown to the profane. They are to be found in the beautiful withdrawing-room, where actors and actresses, together with those of their friends privileged to enter there, spend the long waits between each act. Then, again, many of the dressing-rooms vie with the daintiest boudoirs, and scattered here and there through this most interesting of theatrical museums is to be seen a really extraordinary collection of relics, including the jawbone of Molière and a tiny fragment of the heart of Talma. Additions are constantly made to the picture-gallery, and quite lately a fine portrait of Dumas *Fils* has been presented to the theatre. And yet a London manager would smile could he realise with what careful economy the "Comédie" is conducted. Even the "Sociétaires" can only feel assured of £480 a-year; but the "Comédie Française" is a co-operative society, and a prosperous year will bring something like £1000 apiece to each "Sociétaire."

There is warm *camaraderie* just now, it appears, between the ballet-dancers of Paris and of St. Petersburg. The dancing staff of the Imperial Theatres in the Russian capital sent, through the medium of their chiefs, a message of "sincere sympathy" to their brethren and sisters of the Paris Opéra. The latter replied in equally warm, not to say effusive, fashion, representing themselves as "being infinitely touched by this kind (*gentille*) attention" and as "embracing" their Russian colleagues "with all their hearts." Such pretty amenities are too agreeable to be left unrecorded at such a time of Franco-Russian fraternisation.

Fitzball is a familiar name, on account of its having been borne by the librettist of Vincent Wallace's "Maritana," and hence I note with combined interest and sadness the suicide, through sheer poverty, of an old actor, far down in the lower grades of the profession, called Charles Phillips Fitzball. The poet Bunn and Fitzball form a duumvirate indissolubly associated in my mind.

No doubt, in the fulness of time, London playgoers will see both the latest Arthur Roberts piece, "Dandy Dan the Lifeguardsman," which promises to equal in popularity Messrs. Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter's "Gentleman Joe" and "The French Maid," and also a new adaptation from the French, "Toto and Tata," in which Miss Marie Montrose doubles charmingly the rôles of twins, of whom the mischievous boy has to personate his eloping sister. Miss Isa Bowman, in "Dandy Dan," makes a pretty nurse-girl, courted in Hyde Park by the Robertsonian Guardsman; but Mr. E. J. Lonnen, in "Toto and Tata," has yet to work up a not over-grateful part as Cabestan the usher, whom Tata throws over unceremoniously. However, both the pieces are successes, and I shall be glad to make their early acquaintance.

Messrs. Frank H. Celli and Brian Daly, the authors of the new romantic musical drama "Stirring Times," have at least three other plays of the same genre on the stocks: "The Village Blacksmith," a title which is familiar to us all; "Chimes Across the Sea," also a reminiscent name; and "The British Grenadiers," which should vie in patriotic effect with "Tommy Atkins," "A Story of Waterloo," and "In the Days of the Duke." These two collaborators have also a couple of melodramas in hand, called respectively, "Through Fire and Field" and "The Shadow of a Sin."

When I saw Deyo a little while ago doing a modest "extra turn" at the Alhambra, I quickly guessed that ere long we should see her "starred," and the guess was soon proved to be correct. Now, at the Palace Theatre, you can see one of the cleverest and most original dancers that America has sent to us, and, in addition, a dainty, vastly pretty little person. Her performance begins with a song called "Restez-la," the authorship of which I should not be proud to claim; nevertheless, it serves to show that she can "say" a song cleverly, and is wise enough not to strain her pleasing, small voice. After this comes a dance that I can hardly catalogue. The basis consists of steps of the real ballet school, with occasional expeditions into step-dancing; there are also sometimes manœuvres of the "high kicking" order, which I dislike, and the end is a Catherine wheel turned deftly on one hand, which I detest. It ought to be a criminal offence for a performer of the



Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine.

Mr. Frank Ver-Beck.

THE AUTHOR AND ARTIST OF "THE DUMPIES."

Photo by Young, New York.

delightful sex to indulge in Catherine wheels or somersaults in public. The whole dance, executed with much natural grace and very great technical skill, forms a charming sort of dancing *pot-pourri*, and is the most pleasing "turn" that I have seen for a long time. It seems to me that the young lady ought to be a feature in a comic opera, for her art, despite what I deplore in it, is too delicate for music-hall, though most successful.





THE "NAMARA," 102 TONS, THE PROPERTY OF MR. W. B. PAGET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART, SOUTHAMPTON.



### "THE NATURALIST IN AUSTRALIA."

The Australian bird whose photograph is here reproduced well deserves an introduction to the British public. It can claim in a way to be the author not only of the work from which its photograph is taken, "The Naturalist in Australia" (Chapman and Hall), but also of a wonderful book on the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. These are two books in which the camera has been brought to the aid of the naturalist with a success never hitherto equalled. It is true, Mr. Saville-Kent, a naturalist who has spent many years in Australia, wrote these two books; but they would never have been written had the "Morepork" not made him a photographer. The genesis of these two books may be traced to a sweltering afternoon in the streets of Brisbane, when a hawker's van toiled along with a tumultuous, screeching, ill-assorted load of parrots, cockatoos, piping crows, butcher-birds, and many others. A pair of "Moreporks," like a pair of fluff balls, with gleaming golden eyes, was transferred from that picturesque rabble to become part of the domestic circle of Mr. Saville-Kent. Fortunately a chance gift of a very modest camera came at the same time. The "Moreporks" turned out to be marvellous "quick-change" artists, and quite took the Saville-Kent household by storm long before the human fraternity had "caught on" in London music-halls. At times they stiffened themselves out until they became, even close at hand, indistinguishable from a piece of a dead branch; at other times they assumed quite a Gladstonian cast of countenance, and were sentimental, sad, grave, and gay by rapid turns. When Mr. Saville-Kent had succeeded in registering by his camera the many moods and tenses of those two birds, the photography of the corals of the Great Barrier Reef and of the Abrolhos Reefs became an easy task.

In return for teaching him photography, Mr. Saville-Kent has freed this Australian goat-sucker from a gross slander. The unsavoury and anti-Islamic call of "Morepork" was ascribed by the settlers in the Australian bush to this bird; but Mr. Saville-Kent has been successful in proving an *alibi*, and settling the call on its rightful owner, an owl that keeps the goat-sucker company in the twilight.

The mounds of the termites or white ants form quite a feature of the northern regions of Australia. Each mound is a great city in itself, a city in which the houses and streets are heaped one upon the other in orderly sequence, and the whole enclosed in a common dome. Its streets are busy as the Strand at midday, workers hurrying along on urgent business, and here and there a soldier or policeman, ferociously armed, to see that law and order are respected. In the centre is the royal chamber,

with the king and queen, surrounded by the royal nurseries and apartments, with battalions of flunkies and nurses. Each kind of ant has a school of architecture of its own. One reproduced here represents what Mr. Saville-Kent calls the cathedral style, and is seen from the side, but it is an example of the less ornate forms. At times they are fringed with pinnacles and crowned with spires or minarets. Sometimes these mounds reach an enormous size, such as the one shown here with

a buggy and team of horses seen alongside. It represents the columnar variety, and is one of the biggest that Mr. Saville-Kent has ever seen. The white ants have a robust digestion, favourite articles of diet being wood, hard siliceous stalks of grass, and even glass and metal do not come amiss. Their special taste for cork leads to a great waste of wine in the more northern settlements, and, without giving the least sign from without, they reduce the wood-work of a house to a shell that crumbles to dust at the least touch.

No gardens on earth can match the gardens of the sea that encircle the northern part of Australia. As the tide ebbs in the azure of sunset, coral reefs peer out, symmetrically arranged in beds and intersected by emerald channels, as if they were the colossal flower-beds of some great sea-king. Corals

of all hues and tints can be seen fathoms deep in the channels. The coral polyps, although they build islands and help to extend continents, are most delicate organisms, and die on the least exposure and leave behind them their skeletons; but even their skeletons are things of beauty. Mr. Saville-Kent has also taken a number of most successful photographs of corals, specimens of the many kinds he found and studied from the Abrolhos Reefs. The white ants transform the land by building their city-mounds, and the coral polyps are busy making land by dying and leaving their skeletons behind them.

The koala, or native bear, which is reproduced here carrying its child on its back, is one of the many droll animals of Australia. It lives almost entirely on the leaves of the eucalyptus, and, owing to the difficulty in providing it with its particular bill of fare, it has very seldom been seen alive in this country. One of Mr. Saville-Kent's most striking photographs shows a number of turtles that have just escaped from their egg-shells and are busy enjoying their first swim. The photograph might be used as a study of their method of progression. The artistic effect of the photograph has been increased by introducing a water-weed with a picturesque outline in the turtles' swimming-bath.

Many other marvellous things that may be seen by a naturalist in Australia are described and pictured with a degree of realism seldom equalled. The lizards afford many curious studies, and much space is devoted to the large pearl industry along the West Australian coast.



A GIGANTIC WHITE ANT MOUND NEAR PORT DARWIN, QUEENSLAND.



AUSTRALIAN BEAR, OR KOALA, UP A GUM-TREE.



A WHITE ANT MOUND OF THE CATHEDRAL STYLE.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The lack of new books on his table can never make the reviewer shout aloud for gladness, the reviewer with a conscience, that is; for the old ones obtrude their neglected presence in the most offensive manner. There is no more disagreeable object on earth to a critic's eyes than a three-month-old volume waiting to be cut and judged. To that horrid sight



BABY TURTLES ENJOYING A SWIM AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE EGG.

can be traced not a few of the pessimistic articles on the degeneracy of modern literature. But now and again he finds himself forgetting that he is a reviewer and enjoying himself as if he were a mere free man, with no neglected duties, and to whom a month or two is of no importance in the age of a book. As Mr. Hornung's "My Lord Duke" (Cassell) happened to lie on the top of my reproachful heap, I was in good luck. Two or three years ago Mr. Hornung seemed to me a story-writer of some talent, but with a heavy hand and no great attractiveness. He has cast a good deal of his weight; he is gaining the ease and quickness which are of first importance to one who, after all, aims no higher than to be the entertainer of an idle hour. "My Lord Duke" is a pleasant story, where the traditional barbarian who comes into a fortune and a great social position is rather more amusing than usual and rather less ridiculous. True, he grasps on to the essentials of a complicated civilisation marvellously soon; but, then, our ideas of Australian bush-life may be insultingly low, and if ever he offends against reality it is only to better the story—an excellent justification.

My second chance among the neglected books was less good. "His Dead Past" (Chatto) promised melodrama, but fulfilled the promise in the meagrest way. The "past" was not black enough, and when it turned haunting ghost it was not fit for the part, but gave in and was "laid" with no trouble to speak of. In fact, Mr. Wills was in love with his hero, and could think of no better mode of expressing affection than by making his career a safe and respectable one. But the reader, who does not care a fig for the pampered young baronet-to-be, is disappointed. "His Dead Past" is the kind of book which should be revised by a discreet friend—by a friendly printer, if no one else will undertake the duty. Mr. Wills is probably not a particularly modest man, though he "blushes to say Mrs. Tradescant only paid five-and-twenty pounds a-year for her cottage"; he "blushes to say" she had "confectioned" her dress "with her own taper fingers," and he blushes yet again and again for similar reasons. In this strain of subtle satire he flays old familiar middle-class weaknesses and snobberies which nobody for a moment thinks of defending. Second-rate satire is the dreariest stuff a pen can produce, and the best kind of all is useless as addressed to the stupid.

Then came a story of the sort that warms a reviewer's heart, not because of any special literary merits, but because it tells him there is still generous youth in the world. Mr. Herbert Morrah's "Faithful City" (Methuen) is very sentimental and very solemn—not a good story at all, and, nevertheless, deeply interesting. The hero, called Harris, is a man who is invariably just and noble. He founds a city in a new colony, and bases its fortunes not on self-interest, but on virtue. Factions arise, and one of them is headed by a beautiful lady who ultimately stabs him. He forgives her, his successor forgives her, and the faction is melted in tears. Now, having a profound disbelief in a one-man government, I am inclined to think that the rebels and the beautiful Stella were right, and that Harris was only a priggish autocrat; but there is something in this solemn, high-flown, sentimental, hero-worshipping story that is good to read, and which a middle-aged, disillusioned reader will remember when he forgets far cleverer books.

Now and again in the course of the next story I seemed to be back in Wilkie Collins's company. "Mr. Peters" (Bliss, Sands) does not show nearly such close workmanship throughout as does "The Woman in White." But, as it has excellent patches, its faults may be lightly passed. A story of a long-planned revenge, which is carried out by a Southerner in a somewhat dilatory fashion, but in the most business-like temper, "Mr. Peters" makes direct appeal to the lovers of sensation. Only, its best success is with its minor and quite unmelodramatic characters. There is an Irishman, Lucius Moriarty, who in his quiet, unconventional way—not the way of the stage Irishman at all—is worth the lynching and the blackmailing and the murder rolled into one. Mr. Riccardo Stephens must be welcomed again, if he can present us to more such friends as Moriarty.

And now to one or two newer and very minor stories. As this is holiday time, one need not apologise for noticing a mere detective tale, save that it hardly needs mention; for Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have made "The Last Stroke" (Ward, Lock) a prominent feature of their bookstalls, where its illustrated cover forces attention. If I were the author—he is really Mr. L. L. Lynch—I should bring an action for damages (or do some other disagreeable thing) against the artist of that cover, or the publishers, for maliciously giving away the secret of my story. Not that it is a very unguessable secret, but there are always stupid people who may be baffled till the last chapter. However, the tale, with its gentle, interesting villainess, and its noble-minded, high-souled detective, has other attractions.

Another new one I mention only by way of warning. Its name is "That Tree of Eden," and its author Mr. Nicholas Christian. One hears too much probably of the wise and good books publishers have rejected; one hears assuredly too little of the queer, well-intentioned, and foolish books they are so weakly kind as to encourage. What should induce a publisher to take the risks of such a book as this? As a story it is beneath notice, and, indeed, on this score, unpretentious. As a treatise it is worse, for it is conceited, ungenerous, and ignorant. Its mission is to convince the world that widespread chances of education are not a benefit, for the proletariat can't think. One can only wish that a little more of mental and moral discipline had come in the way of the would-be social observer who speaks of "the prevalent type of the young man in the large cities" as "vicious, invertebrate, stupid, cowardly, ferocious (the two always go together), foul-mouthed, cocksure." What, after all, does he know of the young artisans and athletes



AUSTRALIAN MOREPORK (MALE BIRD).

of the great cities? Those who do know them are less "ferocious" and less "cocksure" in their manner of speech.

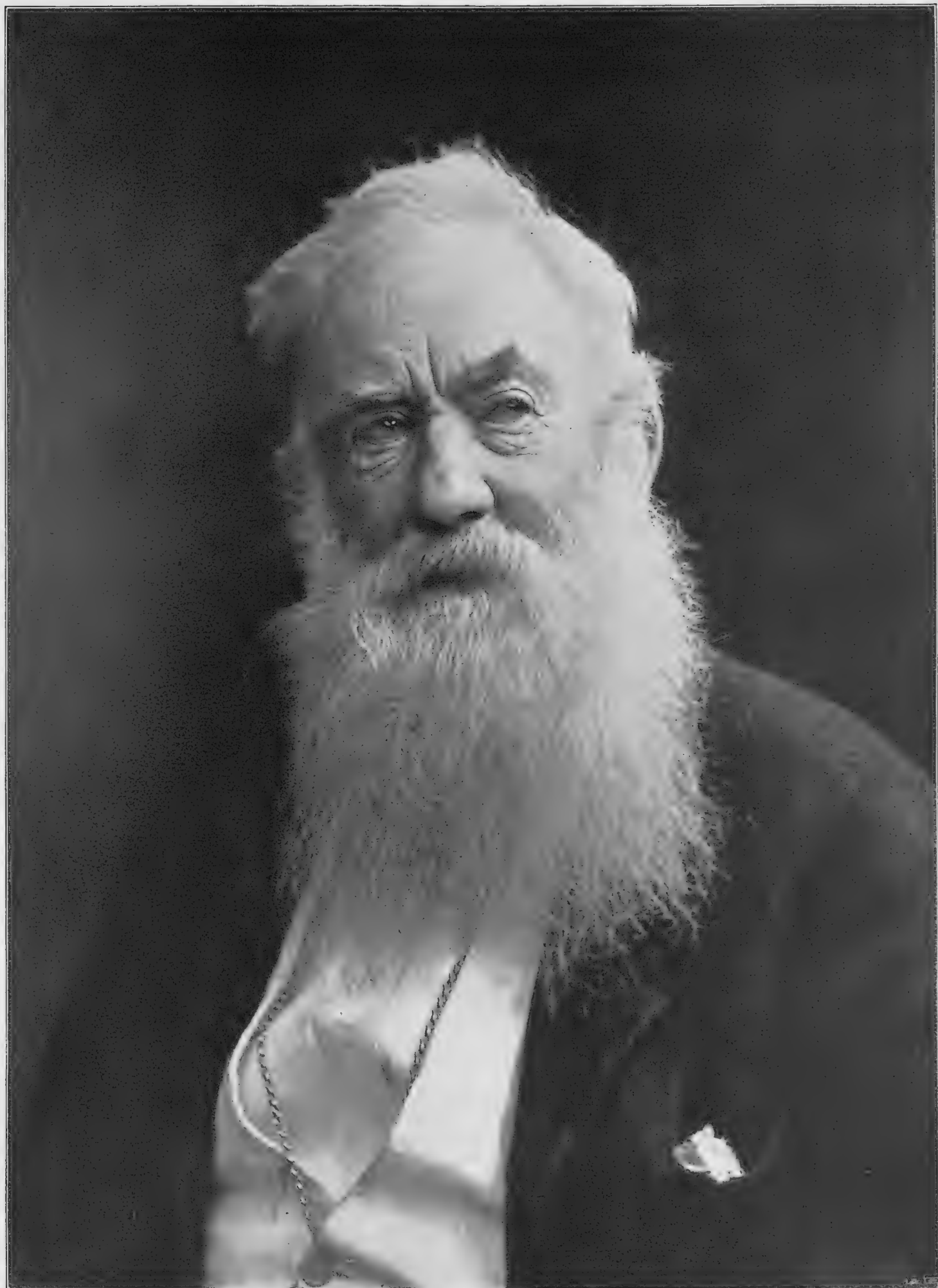
The issue of a new series of their "World of Adventure" by Messrs. Cassell should be welcomed by all who have to think of the furnishing of boys' libraries. The penny numbers now appearing will compete with any of the cheap sensational fiction in the way of interest, while they are full of good, honest, healthy matter—the kind of thing, in fact, that will give lads a taste for travel-books and history a little later.



"IN THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE,"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT. W





"IN THE SERE AND YELLOW LEAF."

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY RICHARDS AND CO., BALLARAT.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The civilised world in general has tacitly admitted that appointments to public posts must primarily in many cases be given by examination. And those nations which have tried and do try other methods do not seem to be better served, or to find satisfaction in their choice. All systems of appointments generally go on the principle of entrusting a man with a responsible office because he has done well or acquired merit in some totally different field. The system of patronage by influence gives a man

first or second class, the pressure on the conscience of the judge is very severe. Very few examiners want to plough anybody; when you do find an agriculturally disposed censor, he generally rejects with unnecessary severity. The ordinary tender-hearted don who tests for the ordinary degree is pulled in the direction of over-lenieney. The bone of a pass is, after all, so small, so easy to give, and yet so many crave for it earnestly!

But where the question is merely order of merit, the problem is narrowed, and responsibility

is taken away from the single examiner. He can settle with reasonable accuracy that Smith has got five or ten marks more on his paper than Jones; it is the Government that in its wisdom has determined that those marks shall carry or decide an appointment. And Government is, like all corporations, irresponsible. It is beyond the reach of questions as to the utility of the competitive system, which is as well; for there are very few reasons for supposing that the results obtained are better than could be obtained by chance. But chance is too precarious. Chance may give you your Clive, but chance selection of officials brings a Government to a pitch in which it needs a Clive. It is better, if possible, not to allow incompetent fortuitous men to get you into such a mess that you can only get out by the help of a fortuitous genius. For the genius has a nasty habit of not appearing at the critical moment.

Still, it is easy to think of a fair number of unanswerable objections to the examination method. Our rough tests may, and indeed must, often miss the evidence of real merit. It is not so much the admission of the unfit; in most cases they are weeded out, or weed themselves out; it

is the possible exclusion of the really fit. Suppose, for a moment, that in the far future a new and more successful Mutiny breaks out in India; may not the ghost of a past mistake haunt the well-meaning persons who closed the gates of the Army to a Nicholson or a Havelock?

It was not in the conflict  
The hero missed his crown;  
It was the stern examiner  
That marked his paper down. MARMITON.

a post for being well connected, and therefore possibly fit for public service. The "spoils system" rewards a candidate for electioneering ability, or, at least, for political opinions coincident with those of the majority. The prevalent method of competitive examination gives official appointments to those most successful in winning marks from a chance collection of examiners on a bundle of subjects none of which they will be required to study any further.

The best that one can say of the examination method is that it settles matters somehow, and is not wilfully and consciously unfair. That in some cases it excludes the fittest for governing or judging in India, for instance, is a moral certainty; but what is one to do? We have no keen-eyed despot like Napoleon or Frederick the Great to detect at once the latent abilities of a man and put him at once to his right work. Not to mention the fact that Napoleon, for one, made absolutely fatal mistakes in choosing men for his work. He picked Ney and Grouchy to command his wings in the Waterloo campaign, when the one was untried in separate command and the other was a thrice-proved failure at anything beyond sheer fighting. And Frederick took many geese for swans, and not a few swans for geese.

And then, even if the heaven-born ruler did not make commonplace mistakes at times in his selections, there is one fatal objection to selection by a despot of genius—we have not got the despot. So we must muddle along with our examination system. And if Smith gets a few marks more than Jones, he takes precedence, even though Smith may be fundamentally a duffer and Jones the embryo Clive who might be able to win or save an empire in the day of trouble. Nay, the difference of marks may itself be due to the unintentional caprice of an examiner or the happy forecasting of a crammer. All the judges can say is that they tried to be fair, and, if they gave anyone an unfair advantage, they were unfair by accident merely.

There is one good thing in competitive examination—that it diminishes the strain on the examiners. When the question is one of qualification for passing, or for a



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



THE SEQUEL.



## THE ROYAL WARRANT-HOLDERS.

It follows that if there were brave men before Agamemnon there must have been royal warrant-holders. In the times of the Pharaohs they assuredly had their vicissitudes, for it was in duress that Joseph first met the chief butler and the chief baker, royal warrant-holders both. The



THE BADGE OF THE PRESIDENT.

"Peerage of Trade" is, therefore, as antique as it is opulent. Nowadays it forms a powerful Association, twelve hundred and fifty strong, which includes most of the best-known and most stable firms engaged in the gentle art of purveying. The qualification for membership is severe. The merchant must hold a royal warrant authorising him to supply his commodities to any one of the households of her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, or of the Duchess of Teck. Of late the Association has brought itself into much public notice by a series of local Acts, and also by a strenuous weeding out of persons unauthorised to bear Royal Arms over their commercial establishments. In order that some short history of the Association might be put on record, a representative of *The Sketch* called recently on Mr. Haynes Gibbs at his secretarial offices in Pall Mall.

All around the room hang finely engraved portraits of her Majesty and the other royal patrons of the Association. These Mr. Haynes Gibbs readily admits to be most appropriate.

"And at our annual dinner, do you know, her Majesty lends us her portrait by Winterhalter, from St. James's Palace. Speaking of pictures, our present president is Mr. Algernon Graves, and it is not long since he, Mr. Callard, the vice-president, and myself, were commanded to go down to Windsor to receive her Majesty's personal thanks for the presentation to her from the Association of the picture by Mr. Caton Woodville, 'For Queen and Empire.'"

Those who have seen this magnificent achievement by one of our foremost military painters will recognise that the Association is not disposed to be backward in its loyal thank-offerings.

"Now, Mr. Gibbs, I should like you to tell me, in the beginning, how a royal warrant is obtained."

"Well, a trader is informed, in the first place, that he may supply goods to one of the departments of the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, or the Mistress of the Robes, in the case of her Majesty's Household, and to the departments under the various Comptrollers in the case of the Households of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duchess of Teck. This honour is continued for twelve months. At the end of that time the candidate may make formal application to the Lord Steward, or to any of the other heads mentioned, that he be granted a royal warrant. He may or may not have his request granted. I know I am right in saying that it is no merely formal matter. Warrant-holders feel that great care is exercised in increasing their number, and in every case, I believe, the royal personages themselves, in giving verbal permission to their officers, carefully weigh the merits of a fresh claimant."

"What form does the warrant take?"

"It is an officially worded document authorising the recipient to act in his trade capacity as purveyor to her Majesty or other royal personage, as the case may be, and it is signed and sealed by the head of the department concerned. It is indeed a rare honour for a warrant to bear the Royal Sign Manual. By the way, at the Victorian Era Exhibition you can see some warrants of all kinds. There is one, for instance, signed by the late Prince Consort: 'Albert Pr. of S. C. G.' at the 'Palais of Gotha 6th day of Jan. 1840.' This was granted to the firm of Henry Graves and Co. The first royal warrant issued in her Majesty's reign was to the firm of Meyer on Aug 7, 1837. Among

interesting warrants is one signed by Ann Townshend, Mistress of the Robes to the unfortunate Princess Caroline in 1795."

"Now, with regard to your Association, as such, Mr. Gibbs?"

"Well, as far back as 1847 about a hundred of her Majesty's warrant-holders started an Association with the simple object of annually celebrating her Majesty's birthday. This convivial form of loyalty continued until 1894, when the idea was mooted that the Association should be properly incorporated. A general meeting of the whole of her Majesty's warrant-holders was accordingly held at the Holborn Restaurant on April 4, 1895, with Mr. Algernon Graves in the chair. For some time it had been felt that the honour of being a warrant-holder should be jealously preserved. Many tradesmen were in the habit of decorating their establishments with the arms of royalty, to which they had no right whatever. This method was distinctly cheapening, and, although any private person might, under statute, lay an information to a magistrate and have the offender duly put right, the duty was either invidious or neglected. By being incorporated the Association can take action itself. Frequently we receive letters asking us if this or that tradesman is entitled to ornament his shop with the Royal Arms, and, of course, as we have a complete list of royal warrant-holders, we are often put on the track of spurious claimants. I can assure you that of late there has been a good deal of quiet hauling down of Royal Arms from the premises of such, the most numerous offences occurring, by the way, with regard to the unauthorised use of the Prince of Wales's Arms. I should add that her Majesty's warrant-holders formed the Incorporated Association at the outset, and that two years later the other royal warrant-holders were added, Mr. Tom Jay being the first president. Already a benevolent fund has been established, and there is some talk of a Royal Warrant-Holders' Masonic Lodge, which should certainly be a very great success."

Naturally the Association has been much to the front this year. The Diamond Jubilee Dinner, presided over by Mr. Algernon Graves, was a great function, and it may here be mentioned that her Majesty is not unmindful of her loyal warrant-holders, in that she annually makes a gift to the feast of two bucks.

An especial honour was conferred on July 13, when her Majesty was graciously pleased to receive in person the president, Mr. Graves, the vice-president, Mr. Callard, and Mr. Haynes Gibbs, the honorary secretary, who presented an illuminated address of congratulation in behalf of the Association. Illustrations of this and the beautiful jewelled badge of office worn on the occasion by Mr. Graves are appended.

As might be expected, the Royal Arms on this badge are most scrupulously correct, having been copied from the design furnished by



THE ADDRESS OF THE ROYAL WARRANT-HOLDERS TO THE QUEEN.

the Garter King-at-Arms. At the same interview her Majesty formally accepted the Association's gift of Mr. Caton Woodville's spirited work, already alluded to, "For Queen and Empire," which, in addressing Mr. Graves, she worthily described as "this magnificent picture."

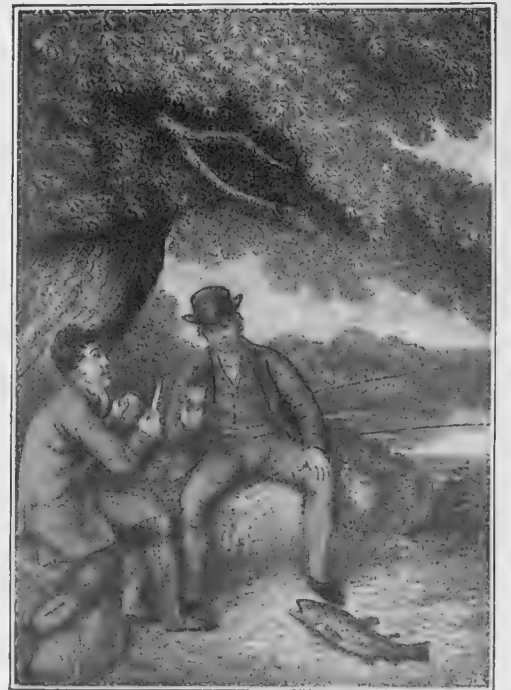
## SPORTING LITERATURE OF THE PAST.

## V.—MORE ABOUT ANGLING.

From the Waltonian source the flood of angling literature comes down with a slow and steady rise, like a spate in our rivers before the days of scientific draining. The catalogue of Sir Henry Ellis (1811), referred to in a previous paper, contained seventy-five works. Pickering's, which followed John Major's in 1836, and was based upon Ellis's, was filled out to a hundred and eighty. In John Wilson's (1840), which is to be found in the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the list is lengthened out still further, and includes well-known works with a modern flavour: Colonel Hawker's "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia" (which had the honour of being reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly*), "The Art of Angling as Practised in Scotland," by Thomas Tod Stoddart, Jesse's "Angler's Rambles," Scrope's "Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing," and John Colquhoun's "The Moor and the Loch." These are names that show we are getting near the point where the Sporting Literature of the Past ends and the Sporting Literature of the Present begins. But, for our purpose, the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" of Westwood and Satchell (also referred to before) makes a very good march between the two provinces.

It is a purely arbitrary boundary, of course. If anyone asks why Francis Francis is on one side and Mr. F. M. Halford is not, there is no very good reason to give. It is no plea of ours that, amid the enthusiasm of a Fly-Fishers' Club dinner, we heard Mr. Halford's treatise on the dry-fly declared to be an "epoch-making work." No doubt it is so; but we have no ambition to mark off the "epochs" either of angling or of angling literature. That may be left to the gentleman who described Tommy Leftwing's goal the other day as a landmark in our history. Only, it may be noted that, at the point where we have drawn the dividing-line between past and present, angling writers changed their manners a little. Before that, speaking very generally, fact and fancy, the practice and the theory, the joy of fishing and the reflections thereon, went hand in hand down the river-bank. Nowadays they prefer to go singly. The practical angler-writer has become more heavy and sombre than he used to be. He is evidently "sair hauden doon" by the science of the thing and the consciousness that if he is careful he may possibly make an "epoch." So those of us who are "no fishers, but lovers of the game," fight shy of the angling pundit and seek the company of the merry and whimsical gentleman who confesses he is a duffer at the sport, but discourses very entertainingly round about it. Listen! "But Heavens, my dear James. How in youth, and pride of manhood too, I used to gallop to the glens like a deer, over a hundred heathery hills, to devour the dark, rolling river, or the blue, breezy loch! How leaped my heart to hear the thunder of the nearing waterfall! and lo! yonder flows, at last, the long, dim, shallow, rippling, hazel-banked line of music among the broomy braes, all astir with back-fins on its surface; and now the feed is on, teeming with swift shooting, bright-bounding, and silver-shining scaly life, most beauteous to behold. . . ." There you have Christopher North, prince of the tribe of literary anglers that once was. The angling *littérateurs* who have taken their place on the heathery hills don't "gallop to the glens like a deer to devour the rolling river." One cannot imagine Mr. Lang, for example, telling you "how leaped his heart." But, instead, he winds you a pretty argument against the *Spectator's* contention that the sport is cruel. Can it be so, he says, when the shy trout come back often with your broken flies in their mouths? And he puts a case: "Suppose you went to the Editor of the *Spectator*, while he was on the feed; suppose you delicately cast a nicely devilled whitebait over him, rose him, and hooked him; suppose that he leaped in the air four or five feet high, and then ran below the table, and sulked, and tried to entangle the line on the legs of the chair. Then, of course, you would tighten the line on him, and tap the butt of the rod, and your gillie would throw

The angling literature of fifty years ago was most often supplied by men who were fishers first and writers about fishing afterwards. That is the difference. Even poetry was beaten by the sport in the race for young Stoddart's preference. He had "reaped his handful of ideas from the track of personal experience and investigation" before he began scattering them in the "Art of Angling." The catching of his first trout in the Cockle Mill burn switched him on to a track that he never left. He found the romance of his life there, and its business, and perhaps the very best material for his particular literary gifts to work upon. And if you wish to describe Stoddart most fittingly, you must say that he was a "fisher," and there is nothing dishonourable or unworthy in the designation. St. John's case is still more to the point. When Stoddart was busy catching trout, as a boy, he was busy also revolving such a poetical tragedy as never was heard of. The schoolboy St. John, who at the very same time was spinning for pike in the Arun, hadn't a literary idea in his head. In the year that Stoddart was called to the Scottish Bar (only to forsake it for fishing), St. John threw up a clerkship in the Treasury in order to live on the moors of Sutherland. The Highlands had held him so long after his holidays were up that if he hadn't resigned his post he would have been dismissed it. But at this time he had no thought of writing, and it was only by an accident that literary friends discovered in him the possibility of "The Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands." Just about the time that Lockhart published the "Muckle Hart of Benmore" (St. John's first piece of writing) in the *Quarterly*, "Thames Fishing" appeared in *Fraser's*. Edward Jesse, its author, had found it possible to cultivate sport and the friendship of literary men and a turn for writing, and several Government clerkships and commissionerships, all at the same time. Perhaps that is why Jesse is not so reliable a writer as Stoddart or St. John. But his portraits of Ned Bartlam and other riverside characters are very entertaining. Jesse, it may be noted, edited the "British Angler's Manual" of the unfortunate artist Hoffland, whose wife was a correspondent of Miss Mitford. Among the angling works of this time, John Colquhoun's "The Moor and the Loch" must not be forgotten. The first edition appeared in 1840, and the author was polishing and revising it to the day of his death. Probably it ranks first among the classics of salmon-angling literature.



THE ANGLERS' LUNCH.



SPEARING THE OTTER.

stones at him, or stir him up with a young tree. If this succeeded, he would make the reel sing, rushing upstairs, plunging downstairs, racing up and down the drawing-room, and finally would break you in the banisters. . . ." And so on: excellent fooling, but, to a good many anglers, perhaps, "no naething to dü wi' fushin'," as the Scots fisherman said when he read it.

## "THE ORIGIN OF RUGBY FOOTBALL."

Reports that go clad in blue paper are usually but dull literature. I have, however, received one which is a welcome exception. It is entitled "The Origin of Rugby Football," and is the Report of the Sub-Committee of the Old Rugbeian Society appointed in July 1895 (Rugby: A. J. Lawrence). The Sub-Committee was appointed to inquire into the account of the origin of the Rugby game, also into some erroneous statements made thereanent by Mr. Montague Shearman, author of "Athletics and Football" in the "Badminton Series." The Committee seems to have done its work with great thoroughness, and to have unearthed a great deal of interesting information. It appears that the carrying of the ball originated without premeditation in the latter half of 1823, when William Webb Ellis, while playing Bigside, caught the ball in his arms and rushed forwards. The authority for this statement, Mr. Bloxam, cannot tell how this breach of rules passed into law, but certain it is that the carrying game has become the established order. As for the legend of Ellis the Committee is pleased to believe it. This Ellis, it is interesting to note, ultimately became Rector of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, just opposite *The Sketch* office; but this by the way. The Report is enlivened by racy letters from the late Judge Hughes, written in his best "Tom Brown" manner. There is also a delightful skit in Homeric Greek on the "Sixth" match of 1839, from the pen of Mr. Lushington of Bow Street. The *ῥωτοβαλλομαχία*, as the poem is called, contains allusions to many notables—the Walronds, Seton-Karr, Tom and Matt Arnold, and Dean Bradley among the number; the future Rev. the Dean figuring boldly as *Βραδύλημος*, "keen in the combat." To the Report is also added plans of the Rugby football-grounds, codes of rules, lists of "cock" houses, and names of teams since the commencement of colours in 1870. Altogether a novel and delightful Report this on Rugby "Footer."



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The final opening of the Tate Gallery—for the formal opening by the Prince of Wales did not imply, as many disappointed visitors, to their cost, discovered, that the place was open to the public—has set a final seal upon an excellent undertaking to which every sensible man will wish all prosperity. If the attendance of future weeks and months at all realises



PORTRAIT OF MISS MABEL WALLACE.—G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

the promise given by the records issued for the first few days, there is no doubt possible on the question of the popularity of the new gallery, and it may now be hoped that the omnibus companies will make a visit to the place more easy of accomplishment. It would be a pity if so interesting and so attractive a collection should waste its sweetness upon the airs of Pimlico just because there was a local difficulty in penetrating that savoury region.

The gallery itself has now in it all the elements of real popularity. It contains pictures, for example, that the British public has fought at Academy railings to see—such as Mr. Frith's "Derby Day"—and it also contains others of the rarest and most exquisite beauty, such as, for instance, Rossetti's divine "Beata Beatrix." There has indeed, one observes, been some wonder expressed among certain critics that so fine a work as this last should have been removed from the National Gallery; but, after all, it is a question of time rather than supposed merit which decides such a matter. Clearly, on the principle that only the verdict of years can decide the real value of a picture, the Rossetti should accompany the Sidney Coopers to the Tate Gallery. The connoisseur may be assured that the final place of "Beata Beatrix" will be the National Gallery. Meanwhile, it is only natural that it should hang where it is.

Is it to be called, then, the Tate Gallery? Certainly that is the shortest and easiest name for it to the man in the street, although as certainly that name does not convey the purpose or intention of the gallery. After all, however, there is no name of reasonable dimensions that would do so. You could not expect anybody to talk in casual conversation about the National Gallery for British Art, and, indeed, if anybody did so refer to it, one is not at all sure that the nature of the gallery would be reasonably described; for what is the meaning of all these pictures by foreign artists, Ary Scheffer, and the rest, in a gallery entirely devoted to the interests of British Art? The English Luxembourg, again, by which resounding name the place has been described by critics of the superfine kind, is practically out of the question for popular purposes; the many possibilities of pronunciation would alone make that hopeless. No; on the whole, one seems forced back upon the simple form of words, "Tate Gallery." It reminds people of the nation's benefactor, and, after all, everybody knows the purposes for which the gallery was built.

Sir John Evans's address to the British Association the other day should make the modern artist clap himself on the back with the fine conviction that he is indeed the heir of enormous cycles of labour developed through an overmastering instinct. The passion for art seems to be almost coeval with the passion for existence, or, at all events, with the passion for fighting, and it is delightful to consider that it is highly probable that the first artists of whom we have cognisance in the Stone Age were ardent prehistoric followers of Mr. Ruskin. It appears, too,

that no men before or since have chiselled out tools and weapons in flint so exquisitely beautiful. Their wonderfully made knives and spear-heads indicate a point of culture reached after long ages of experience, although "whence these artists in flint came, or who they were, is at present absolutely unknown, and their handiwork affords us no clue to help us in tracing their origin."

That is all exceedingly interesting, and the passion for pure and sheer imitation of Nature which exists in the rude drawings of these ancient and dimly distant epochs is, of course, the unadulterated gospel of Mr. Ruskin unfolding itself through a natural instinct. The results are perhaps, if one may judge by the examples offered to us in our London museums, not particularly striking, as far as verisimilitude goes; but let that pass, seeing that these excellent creatures so obviously did their best; and, after all, there is perhaps not so wide a gulf between them and the average little boy who "draws out of his own head"—and whose productions are strikingly like the productions of very primitive man—and the finished artist. The only difference is that it has taken aeons upon aeons to develop the finished artist out of primitive man, and the average little boy can grow into the finished artist in a few years. That is a thought not without subtlety—that each year in a young modern life represents, in the backward look of things, a whole epoch of human development. Once the man finished his mental growth with the mental growth of a boy of four; now each change in the modern growth seems to be the compression, brought by magic influences, of endless conquests of experience.

The appearance of "The Process Year-Book for 1897" demonstrates again in a striking way the enormous advances that are always being made in the mechanical methods of reproduction. This beautiful annual is an eye-opener to those who do not follow the question of reproduction minutely. Here we see every conceivable method of mechanical engraving, and all the best forms are represented. Most interesting perhaps are the efforts in colour-work reproduction. Much has been done here, but the field is a very wide one, and gives ample scope to the ingenuity of engravers. The whole subject of mechanical engraving is of great interest to *The Sketch*, inasmuch as this journal was the first to adopt process-work almost exclusively, although the fact is overlooked in "The Year-Book." The anger of the advocates of the woodcut is dying away slowly. The plain fact is that a good process-block is infinitely superior to an indifferent woodcut, and the wood-engraver has not



BLACKBERRIES.—DAVID CARR.

improved at the same rate of progress as the mechanical artist. Just look through this beautiful "Process Year-Book" and see what the latter has accomplished. The book is printed with extraordinary care, and should find its way into the hands of all lovers of art reproduction.

## THE GUNNERY SCHOOL OF OUR NAVY.

If, twelve years ago, you had sailed up Portsmouth Water you might have observed, lying to the north of the Dockyard, and separated from it by a broad channel, a small mud-bank. If the same spot be visited to-day, an island, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, will be found—the depôt of the Gunnery School of the British Navy, probably the greatest gunnery school in the world. To Whale Island officers and men repair, either for a short or, if they decide to go in for gunnery as a speciality, for a long course of instruction. One picture shows a company of bluejackets at “breach drill,” under the instruction of a warrant-officer, standing on the left, a first-class petty and chief petty officer being stationed in the centre and on the right. The men, armed with the peaceful spade, as well as the more warlike rifle, quickly dig out a trench fourteen inches deep by twenty inches wide and pile the earth up in front. A protective embankment twenty-eight inches in height is thus formed. In the trench the front rank stow themselves, the rear rank lying down, as shown in the photograph. This method of fortification is obviously useful when fighting in an open country, where no natural protection can be had. The other photograph shows a crew at gunnery practice, under the instruction of a first-class petty officer. The gun—a quick-firing three-pounder Hotchkiss—is mounted on a recoil stand, and, to render the circumstances under which practice is carried out as similar as possible to the conditions under which it would be used in action, the gun, its mountings, and crew are placed on a

moving platform. The movement, which is of an up-and-down character, is produced by a winch moved by a man, shown in the left-hand corner of the photograph. Though a full gun's crew numbers five, No. 1 of the gun—shown with his shoulder on the handle and his eye on the sights—manipulates and aims the gun unaided. The recoil is received by two pistons fixed to the gun, working in two cylinders filled with oil fitted to the stand. Manual labour is reduced to a minimum, and the great muscular development so valuable to the men who fought the

battles of the Nile and Trafalgar is now unnecessary. The novelist who selects the modern Navy as a theme will have to find a substitute for the handspike, that weapon favoured by Captain Marryat and his followers as a means of offence and defence. The precision and rapidity of fire of this gun are enormous—a good shot, at a range of seventeen hundred yards, will make seventeen hits out of twenty shots fired in a minute. A small sea-going gunboat, H.M.S. *Excellent*, is attached to the establishment. On it any pattern of modern gun may be mounted. With the disappearance of masts, yards, and sail-drill, the smartness aloft that used

to characterise the British bluejacket will no longer give him the advantage over his foreign foes that it used to do. The “weather-gauge” has lost its significance. A No. 1 with accurate sight has taken the place of a smart captain of the fore- or main-top. Whale Island is commanded by a captain and officers whose names are borne on the books of H.M.S. *Excellent*. Gunnery men and gunnery establishments are proverbially smart in the Navy, and the best way of doing the captain and officers of H.M.S. *Excellent* justice is to say that, even among naval gunnery establishments, Whale Island is at the top.



GUNNERY PRACTICE.



BREACH DRILL.



TOMMY ATKINS PLAYING AT WAR.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.*



RECONNOITRING.



GETTING INTO POSITION.



MISS ALICE LEIBMANN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.





MISS BERTHA LEIBMANN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "CHILDREN'S WAYS."\*

REVIEWED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY WILLIAM CANTON.

(Author of "The Invisible Playmate.")

It was a happy thought of Professor Sully's to present in a more accessible and popular form many of the most attractive pages in his "Studies of Childhood." "Children's Ways" appeals, as the title indicates, to the dependents of that irrepressible and irresponsible "third estate" which has tyrannised over good men and women from the beginning of time. It is a delightful record of the unconscious wit, the droll wisdom, the primitive poetry and art of the heirs of the ages; and its attractiveness is by no means diminished by the serious purpose which runs through its chapters. By means of classification, comparison, and a positive genius for sympathetic interpretation, Professor Sully has woven his extensive collection of the sayings and doings of children into a singularly interesting psychology of childhood. Those who take up the book for amusement will study it for enlightenment. Motherhood and fatherhood are as old as many of the hills, but most fathers and mothers have much to learn and much to unlearn in regard to the diminutive race who gather about their knees.

Merely to look at the plangency, adorable, impish, angelic, indistinguishable, unique little creatures is to lapse into wonderment and the platitudes of wonderment. One of the strangest and most bewildering things in life, a mother will tell you, is the transparent veil which seems to interpose between her and her babe and render the small immortal as inaccessible as Sirius. Occasionally there is a look of grave omniscience in its great tranquil eyes, which thrills her with an eerie sense of invisible witnesses. The tender and playful touch of its soft hands restores the comfortable feeling of its simple humanity. Then in a flash she is conscious that it is almost as much animal as human—that it is beyond human appeal, human reasoning, human comprehension. How she watches for the veil to be drawn aside! But it is never drawn—it breaks slowly, dissolves thread by thread. Some day the last shred drifts away, and she finds with joy that the babe is neither angel, changeling, nor elemental creature, but a child of her responsive flesh and blood.

Meanwhile the pigmy philosopher has been taking stock of his colossal world; drinking in light and colour and sound; making acquaintance with that startling phenomenon, his own foot; discovering with surprise not free from apprehension that a certain podgy fist which bangs him occasionally is in reality an erratic continuation or colony of his own personality. Out of his experiences he rapidly constructs a provisional standard of comparison and scheme of arrangement. He has entered on what Professor Sully aptly names "the realm of fancy." In that magical region, can any oculist or optician tell us whether there is anything in the child's unworn and vigorous sense of sight to account for the "dream-like vividness and splendour" which, as Wordsworth noted, invests the objects of vision in our early years? Even in old age the closed eye sees in dreams a light more celestial than ever shone on the dreamer's waking landscape. Is it too whimsical to conjecture that such a light illumines a child's world?

It is in this realm of fancy, as Dr. Sully explains, that the newcomer displays his strong faculty for vitalising and personifying all that strikes on his senses, that in some cases he hears "in colours," that he "fills up" the blank spaces of the visible world with the products of fancy," makes the woods fearful with wolves, locates his fictitious family of playmates beyond the low range of hills, discovers the hole in stones or

the cleft in trees where fairies and oakmen live, and finally associates the church, the barn, the lane, the brook, the gate, with the people and places of his story-books. In this realm of fancy it seems to me that a child's pretty sayings, his flashes of natural poetry, are almost inevitable. He understands through similitudes, he is constantly checking off likenesses. Spectacles could scarcely fail to become "little windows," a quivering compass-needle "a bird," a butterfly a "flying pansy." "Making mud-pies!" a little girl of my acquaintance cried gleefully when she saw some nursery-gardeners at work; and "Want a drink of milk!" when a waggoner drew up at the horse-trough.

In the chapter "The Enchantment of Play," what an insight one gets into the freshness, the nimbleness, the resourcefulness of a child's mind! How odd, too, it is that faith in a fancy can live side by side with the knowledge that the fancy is not fact! "A little girl begged her mother not to make remarks about her doll in her (the doll's)

presence, as she had been trying all her life to keep that doll from knowing that she was not alive." One of the most interesting points in watching play is the knowledge one acquires of the sharpness and detailed accuracy of a child's observation. A little "shop-lady" will consult the (invisible) ticket before she quotes you the price of her goods, and if it is not there she will refer the matter to the gentleman called "Sign." With what ease and dramatic *vraisemblance* the mimics throw themselves into a situation! "Ta-ta! Write when you get there," I cried, as Nurse took the Man-child downstairs. "Wouldn't it be funny," asked his sister of seven, "if Nurse wrote a letter for him, 'Dear Pappa,—Dot dere. Baby'?"

It would be a pleasant task to follow Professor Sully chapter by chapter, but my space only admits of attempting to convey a notion of the value and charm of the book. Let me merely mention that, passing from play to work, the Professor dwells on the child's struggles with language, his efforts to understand the scheme of the world, his attempts to solve the riddles of birth, growth, and the supernatural, his strife with the terrors of wild nature and the menaceful dark, his sense of right and wrong, and his moral qualities, his recognition of law and order, and finally his first ventures in the path of art.

In the matter of language the child is a living protest against the too facile charge of literary plagiarism. The little girl who said,

"How Babba (baby; that is, herself) does feel nicely!" had never heard of Browning's—

How sad, and bad, and mad it was—  
But then, how it was sweet!

And the "windy parasol" and "very sore stone" of another little girl were not suggested by Scotland's "sair sanct" (David I.) and Tennyson's "blowing ships."

The subject of art is equally curious and suggestive. It is all one to many children whether you show a picture topsy-turvy or right side up. In his first essays the young R.A. suppresses the mortal body with the stoicism of a Father of the Desert. It depends upon the juvenile spectator whether a picture is only a picture or a reality. "Why, Mrs. C., these people haven't got there yet, have they?" remarked one little man on seeing for the second time a sketch of people going to church in the snow.

Interesting as all these things are, to my mind the most needful and most weighty portions of the book are the wise, discriminating, and large-hearted chapters in which Professor Sully discusses the subject of a child's fears and that of a child's proclivity to what is so often too rigorously punished as lying. These at least should be familiar to all who love children, and especially to those who have the care of children.



From "Children's Ways."

\* "Children's Ways: being Selections from the Author's 'Studies of Childhood,' with some Additional Matter." By James Sully, M.A., LL.D. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.



## MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF AND HER PICTURES.

The announcement of the forthcoming sale of Marie Bashkirtseff's pictures will bring on the *tapis* the question of her rank as an artist. The world has already given its verdict on the famous "Journal," because it has been scattered broadcast throughout France, England, America, and



PORTRAIT OF MISS ALICE BRISBANE.—MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

Germany; but it is safe to assume that for every hundred persons who have read her Diary there is but one who has seen the pictures of the famous Russian girl.

The woman artist is not viewed favourably by her male *confrères*. In one of his recent visits to the Beaux Arts, M. Gérôme said, "We have enough men who are bad painters. As for the women"—the contemptuous shrug of the shoulders spoke more than words. Another equally eminent French painter said to a friend of mine, apropos of the admission of women to study in the Beaux Arts, "Those who are pretty will become light women, and those who are not will regret it."

M. Rodolphe Julian tells me that when Marie entered the Academy in the Passage des Panoramas, Oct. 2, 1887, he thought that she was one of the large number of lady amateurs who loved to dabble in art. But the vigour and fidelity of her drawing, her quickness to seize characteristics, surprised not only Julian, but Tony Robert Fleury, a painter who has won a high position among modern French artists. After a few weeks' study, she carried off the first prize of the atelier at the monthly *concours*, surpassing students who had already given years to the study of art. Marie had studied very little ere she entered Julian's studio. Binsa, an old Genevan drawing-master, had taught her the elements of drawing, and at Rome she was barely sixteen when, under the tuition of Katorbinsky, a young Polish artist, she made her first life-studies. But during the seven years which elapsed between her entry into the famous studio of the Passage des Panoramas and those last days of October 1894, when she passed away "like the autumn leaves," Marie painted over two hundred pictures, without reckoning innumerable sketches, designs, &c. Of these the greater part, while being very clever and interesting, will appeal mostly to the general public who have associated Marie Bashkirtseff more with literature than with art. But there are at the least more than a score of her pictures which are worthy of entrance to a great gallery. The "Meeting" and the pastel of her cousin Dina are, as nearly everybody knows, in the Luxembourg; "Jean et Jacques" is in America; "Le Pommier" is in the Imperial collection at St. Petersburg; but "L'Atelier," "Les Trois Rires," "La Parapluie," "Paysage d'Automne," and "La Lectrice" remain, exclusive of many charmingly painted portraits, and the acquisition of these will continue to be a matter of deep interest. As I write, I hear that the Corporations of Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, in England, and the famous Boston, Cochrane, and Metropolitan Galleries of America, are considering the purchase of various pictures. If these projects are realised, then Marie Bashkirtseff may well lie in her grave and rest satisfied with her posthumous triumph, for no woman artist of twenty-four years of age has ever approached this.

For some time after her death her pictures were exhibited at the Rue de Prony, and then were removed to a little atelier in the Rue Hegesippe Moreau, a street situated near the Montmartre Cemetery. The first object which meets the eye of the stranger who enters this gallery, the Musée Bashkirtseff, as it is called, is the portrait of Bastien Lepage's grandmother, by himself, a picture which was bought by Madame Bashkirtseff at the sale of the dead artist's effects. Students of the "Journal" will remember the criticism and admiration of the painter of Joan of Arc for Marie, but it is not as generally known that there was a fierce jealousy on the part of Marie for Bastien, because he had achieved the success she had sought and had found not. Towards the latter end this feeling died away, and her admiration for his work became unbounded.

The pictures reproduced here are chosen because they are unknown on this side of the Channel and because Marie herself believed them to be representative of her best work. The portrait of Miss Alice Brisbane, who was her fellow-student in the Julian Academy, was very much admired by Tony Robert Fleury, who, as a rule, is very sparing of his praise. The "Question du Divorce," although admirably drawn and painted, seems, perhaps, to the severe critic, a "playing to the gallery," for whether it would have been painted if Dumas had not written his famous book is a moot question.

If I were left to select two of her greatest pictures, I should say that "Les Trois Rires" and "Jean et Jacques" represented her very best work. Wherever it comes to representing the Parisian *gamin* or *gamine*, she is unsurpassable. The original idea of "Les Trois Rires" was to represent a series of heads, about a dozen in all, but the labour of painting made it impossible to finish more than three. First of all we see the naïve laugh of a little baby; then the pleased smile of a little girl of eight; and, finally, we have the evil leer of a grown-up woman. If it was intended to be a development, then Heine, who lies scarce a score of yards from the Bashkirtseff atelier, might turn in his grave, happy at having left a successor to his supreme irony and scorn.

In her portraits we find a vigour and accuracy which is rarely found in a woman's work. One thought forces itself on us as we look around the atelier. She was no idealist. The brutal portrait of the Spanish convict, which will be of greater interest to the crowd than the connoisseur; the bizarre picture of the nude model, smoking a cigarette and laughing at a skeleton, which has a pipe in its mouth; the hard, correct painting of the "Parapluie," and the cold fidelity of the many portraits which line the walls, show her to have been a realist, a worthy disciple of Zola and Guy de Maupassant.

M. Lefebvre thinks her to be a strong artist who, however, died just as she had learned the elements of her profession, and M. Tony



QUESTION DU DIVORCE.—MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

Robert Fleury told me some weeks ago that, although her work as an artist was remarkable, her fame would rest as the writer of a great book rather than as a painter of pictures. There were many to dispute precedence with her in art, but in literature she stands almost alone.

But if Madame Bashkirtseff carries out her intention of sending these pictures on tour through England and America before the sale takes place, then the general public will have an opportunity of estimating the correctness of the judgment of these eminent artists—A. T.

## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

It began on a Wednesday, that mysterious revolution which convulsed the British Isles, upset the social system, changed the basis of Parliamentary representation, and transformed the whole aspect of daily life. The Honourable Arthur Fitzmustang has reason to remember the day. He had read that morning with great satisfaction his article on the "ideal woman" in the new number of the *Boudoir*. It was full of philosophy and chivalry. The "ideal woman" was "an agreeable companion." "Were more women agreeable companions there would be fewer unhappy homes." When the Honourable Arthur wrote this sentence, he felt that rare sensation of the mind which goes to the root of the matter. When he read the precious saying in the *Boudoir* that Wednesday morning, he had an instinctive sense that it was one of those things which ought to be written in letters of gold. He dressed himself with care and set off for the club, looking like a man who is about to receive congratulations. He had scarcely stepped into the street when he noticed something unusual in the air. It made him gasp a little, and there was a curious sound in his ears, as of a ripple of laughter. The street was full of women, who seemed to be possessed by some extraordinary gaiety. The men he met were grave and rather scared, while the women, old and young, rich and poor, were all laughing, not boisterously, but with a deep, sustained relish which sent a murmur of mirth like an irresistible wave through the town.

At the club he found everybody greatly disturbed by this phenomenon. "What's come over the women?" asked a bewildered Viscount. "They're stark mad at my place. When I came down to breakfast this morning they all laughed in my face before I had uttered a word! Indecent haste, to say the least of it! I talked to the governor about the state of the Tory party, and Caroline—you know my sister Caroline—awfully prim—district visitor, and all that—well, she fairly yelled. Then I mentioned your article in the *Boudoir*, Arthur, old chap. I had got that stunning sentence by heart, you know—'Were more women agreeable companions there would be fewer chippy chappies'—I beg your pardon, old boy—yes, of course, 'unhappy homes.' Well, Caroline jumped up with a regular shriek, threw her arms round my neck—damned silly of your sister, you know—and cried out, 'Oh, George, please don't—I know you mean well—but you are so—so——'" Here the Viscount almost choked, and had to be brought round with sherry and bitters. "Yes," said the impatient crowd, "so—what?" "So funny!" he screamed, and they looked at one another with anxious faces. "Come, George," said the Honourable Arthur, "it isn't so bad as all that. You are occasionally comic, even at breakfast-time—" "My dear Arthur," interrupted the other, "did you ever know my governor to be comic, especially on the subject of the Tory party? I tell you Caroline laughed at him! And my mother, who never saw a joke in her life, laughed too. And there's a confounded giggle from the top of the house to the bottom!"

As the day wore on there were abundant signs of this epidemic of feminine derision. Fitzmustang had occasion to visit his stockbroker in the City, and found him worried. "Most unaccountable thing," said the broker. "Thought I knew every conceivable dodge for 'bearing' stock, but this beats me. The place has been flooded with women. They asked questions about investments, and when we explained, they laughed! Nothing offensive, you understand, but a quiet sort of amusement, as who should say, 'We see through the whole game.'" "Perhaps they do," said Fitzmustang. "Heaven forbid!" said the broker piously. "Of course, they don't, but there's a trick somewhere that I cannot fathom. It's successful, worse luck, for everybody is on the fidget, and the market is fluctuating like mad!" As Fitzmustang strolled westward he met newspaper-boys with placards lettered thus: "Woman. What Is She Up To Now?" He bought a paper, and found it full of alarms from all parts of the kingdom. From John o' Groats to Land's End, in the field and the factory, in the laundry and the kitchen, over the counter and the cradle, woman was laughing. Everywhere man was perplexed and despondent. Schoolboys had stopped playing, but schoolgirls were in high glee. There was a total cessation of the demand for smelling-salts. In some places business was paralysed, and the Mayor of Bradford had called a town's-meeting, to which he addressed the historic words, "Gentlemen, the world is upside down!"

To a house in Mayfair Fitzmustang bent his steps with no small trepidation. Here dwelt the sovereign of his heart, the Lady Clarissa de Caramel, model of those soft perfections which had inspired his article

in the *Boudoir*. She was, indeed, the "agreeable companion" of wayward genius, sometimes fondly submissive, sometimes full of that elegant caprice which piques and stimulates the soul of imperious man. Such had Clarissa been up to Tuesday evening. What was she now? Fitzmustang trembled as he mounted the stairs, for laughter, light and confident, came from the drawing-room, painfully like an echo of the mockery he had heard all day. Clarissa was sitting in an arm-chair, with the *Boudoir* in her lap. She waved her hand gaily and said, "Arthur, when we are married, I shall indulge you a great deal in this sort of thing." "Sort of thing!" repeated the philosopher. "Yes, our home will be happy because you are so deliciously absurd." "Clarissa, I fear you have not grasped the meaning—" "Of agreeable companionship in matrimony? Perfectly, my dear; it depends upon the subordination of one party to the other's sense of humour. You will continue to write with profundity in the *Boudoir*, and I shall be amused." "Really, Clarissa, this is arrogance. You forget that, according to the best scientific authorities, the brain of man is heavier than that of woman." She laughed a tender, compassionate, but unmistakably superior laugh. "My poor Arthur, humour is not weighed in scales. To-day the sceptre of your sex has passed to ours. The humour of which you boasted has been taken from you and given to us." "Then all the women," he gasped, "are laughing—" "At MAN! Now you can read me your article aloud. I think it will be more entertaining that way!"

When the nobility and gentry take to rhapsodising about the "ideal woman," I wonder that women do not break into a kind of trade union strike of merriment against masculine presumption. The ideal lady must be "absolutely devoid of spite or jealousy"; she must not resemble the "painfully practical, cynical product of modern cities," whose "pseudo-smartness" leaves "a nasty after-taste in the mouth." I suppose this means that when the "cynical product" says a smart thing, nobility's mouth is acid with envy. The ideal may be wayward and wilful on condition that her temper is followed by "smiling penitence." Man will condescend to be amused by her tantrums if she will lay her head on his noble chest presently, and confess that she has been a naughty girl. When you think that at the back of every man's mind this is the definite moral scheme for the control of that agreeable assortment of tricks and graces called "woman," I say it is a mercy that women are not suddenly endowed with a devastating sense of the ludicrous. This perception, or something dangerously like it, is growing in America, where, as Mrs Atherton tells us in the *Contemporary Review*, eighty per cent. of the divorce suits are brought by women. The significance of this is that the American man is "mentally and spiritually" far inferior to the woman, and that when she divorces one husband it is not for the purpose of taking another. No "smiling penitence" here, you see, but a resolve to teach man the surprising truth that he is not indispensable.

In Britain there is no sign of this independence. A writer in the *Lady's Realm* is eloquent on the duty of women who are not "inane dolls"; they must "take a good, straight, determined look-out," and "flash keen and penetrative glances around them"; but all this refers to nothing more courageous than the lifting of their veils. Besides, it is admitted that "the softening influence of a veil" is priceless to "a beautiful woman, especially one not absolutely in youth's zenith." This seems discouraging to the "keen and penetrative glance." True, much is expected from the invigorating influence of the motor-car. "We ought to keep our eyes open to all the varied developments of mechanical appliances." Woman will not be "scared off from steering the latest thing in motor-cars," and this enterprise may bring about the downfall of the veil. But will the exceeding ugliness of the horseless vehicle commend itself to the woman who has handled the ribbons of a tandem? Consider the broken-hearted aspect of the driver of a motor-cab. Lacerated by the satire of the stable-boy, and riddled by the sarcasm of omnibus and hansom, he is the most abject figure in the London streets. Does this negation of the picturesque offer a medium for woman's emancipation? Such an inquiry may well excite the pity of Mrs. Atherton's four millions of independent women in America who scorn to be mated with their mental and spiritual inferiors.

I should like to know what the wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria thinks of the English "Legitimists" who proclaim her title to the throne of England. They are not disloyal to Queen Victoria; but they anticipate the overthrow of the Hanoverian dynasty by a wicked democracy, whose brief triumph will be followed by the restoration of the Stuarts and the divine right of kings. This is the prophetic wisdom of the Marquis de Rivigny and Raineval and Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe in the *Nineteenth Century*. Does Mary Theresa Henrietta Dorothea of Bavaria, descendant of Charles I., take this seriously, or does it make her laugh without stint?



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THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## LOVE AND DUTY.

BY VICTOR HEWETT.

It was a military ball, the farewell ball of the officers of the —shire Buffs, previous to their starting for the Soudan. The room was, of course, splendidly decorated; the wine, like the band, was beyond reproach; the scarlet uniforms contrasted bravely with the less showy silks and muslins. All Aldershot was there, for the —shire Buffs were deservedly popular with men and women alike.

Still, in this brightly lighted ball-room, there crept, somehow, a vague, mysterious feeling of depression; for it was the farewell ball of the officers, and "farewell" is ever a nasty word to say. Not that the men seemed at all put out by the prospect before them. Not at all. The order to prepare for service in Egypt had been greeted with uproarious cheers and many jokes. Young subalterns indulged forthwith in visions of companies, and medals, and Victoria Crosses. Grim old sergeants grew suddenly pleasant and affable; the recruits cleaned and re-cleaned their rifles till the long barrels glittered like serpents, and every bayonet in the regiment was ground as sharp as a razor. Many tales of past—and many promises of future—prowess went the rounds of the mess-rooms and canteens. No; the —shire Buffs were clearly enchanted at the prospect.

But under the gaiety of the scene there ran an undefined but unmistakable current of something very much akin to anxiety. Here the eyes of a sister followed the form of an only brother round the room—other girls' brothers had but little charm for her to-night! This was the "farewell" ball of her brother. Farewell! Perhaps . . . who could say . . . ? And a tiny lace handkerchief was hastily daubed over the top of the nose, a little to either side, and the fair face tried pluckily to smile once more. There, in the corner, sat an old white-haired lady. Her dancing days had long since passed by—except for the "Sir Roger," which she could still go through with the best of them; but she was here to-night because her son had brought her, and it was his "farewell" ball. And, to-night of all nights, she could not help remembering that the Soudan was a fearful place, where the bravest of men could do nothing against heat, and drought, and disease, and where the strongest fainted and fell dead under the pitiless sun, to say nothing of those fierce black creatures whose fanaticism made them welcome death, and whose one idea of doing "God-service" was to put an infidel to death. And, unknown almost to herself, a silent prayer escaped her that Heaven would especially guard and protect *her* boy—the others did not matter so much. Even the old Colonel seemed absurdly grave and solemn every now and then—but only every now and then, for was he not M.C., and did it not behove him to keep things lively?

"Billy"—his real name was William St. George Gilbert-Fortescue, lieutenant in her Majesty's —shire Buffs—was, at any rate, supremely satisfied with himself and with the world. No wonder. He was engaged to be married—since last Tuesday. To him Miss Violet Cheriton was perfection enveloped in beauty. Men in general, however, looked upon Miss Cheriton as a "desperate flirt" who was—she certainly was—bewilderingly beautiful. So when Billy, blushing very red, told his brother subalterns of his success, they congratulated him warmly, and afterwards shook their worldly-wise heads and assured one another that "it couldn't last."

Billy had just finished his sixth waltz with Vi. (It was shocking bad form, of course, but these things do happen at farewell balls, and, besides, Billy had skilfully disguised the fact on both their programmes with the aid of mysterious dots and dashes.) He led her through the conservatory, right through into the grounds, where the moonbeams fell upon the tall poplars and struggled to pierce dense little bowers and thickets where they had no business and were not wanted. Billy led her a long way—they could just hear the next waltz commencing. (This was also Billy's, as a circle with a dot in it clearly showed.)

"Sit down," said Billy, with authority, as became the lord and master of a new possession.

The New Possession sat down, as she was told to. Two chairs had unaccountably got there before, just out of the glare of the Chinese lanterns.

Billy wrapped her cloak round the white shoulders, a duty that occupied him for nearly five minutes.

"What a jolly time we've had, dear, haven't we? even if it is to be our last evening together—for a month or two," he added quickly.

"Yes. I—I have enjoyed it immensely," and the smaller hand sought the protection of the larger. "Only I—"

"Oh, don't be down over it, Vi. I told you not to, you know, in my letter. It's silly. I shall simply go away for a time and come back a full-blown captain. Everybody does. And then—"

What a rogue Billy could look when he liked!

"Ah, but, dear old boy, men never know what women feel! With you it will be different; you will always have something to do—camp life, the excitement, and all that. I must sit at home waiting—reading the papers—and thinking."

"I won't flirt, honour bright," interrupted Billy very earnestly. And if ever a man has said these words sincerely, Billy did at that time.

"N—no. I'm not afraid of that. I *might* forgive even that—if you told me all about it. *All*, mind. Ah, but Will, dear, men *do* sometimes forget, don't they?"

"Never!" said Billy emphatically.

"And the months will pass wearily by, and I shall dream—and dream—and I *know* those dreams will be nightmares. A twelve-months' nightmare—think of it!—with nothing but idiotic garden-parties and tea-fights and things, where I shall have to appear gay to all the nincom-poops who come bothering me with their silly compliments—"

Billy wriggled uneasily.

"Huh! I don't quite see why you have to appear *gay*, you know."

"Well, I can't go about moping, can I? Oh, don't—you are crushing my flowers!"

"Sorry," said the unrepentant William.

She continued in a different voice—

"And then—suppose—suppose anything happened out there?"

"Why, what *can* happen, you little goose?"

"Oh, n—nothing. But if it did! Oh, I tell you, Will, I believe I should die." The soft voice was very pleading now. "Remember, Will, your first duty is to take care of yourself and to come back. For my sake. Your *duty*!"

"Rather. Of course I will, darling. Oh, don't—don't cry, Vi. It makes me feel such a—brute. Come. After all, it's only a short separation, and every fellow in the regiment is separating from someone or another—every blessed one."

The handkerchief dropped from the eyes it had been vainly pretending to cover. There was a pause. Billy might have called it an "interval for refreshment." But the blue eyes would not behave themselves as if they belonged to a soldier's bride. They refused to dry.

"Will."

"Yes?"

"At any rate, Will, you—you'll write every day, won't you?"

"Oh, come now! How can I? The Soudan postal arrangements are not yet controlled by St. Martin's-le-Grand, you know. You mustn't expect miracles, though we shall improve that before we've finished. But look here! There's nothing to prevent you from dropping me a line every day, just to tell me how you are getting on, even if I do get them in batches of twenty-five or so."

For Billy was badly in love—and lovers, as everybody knows, are full of brilliant ideas.

The strains of the last waltz came humming through the trees.

They knew it well. The wailing music brought home to each the words of the old song—

If in your heart a corner lies  
That has no place for me,  
You do not love me as I deem  
Our love must ever be.  
Is there a single joy or pain  
That I may never know?  
Take back your love—it is in vain!  
Bid me good-bye, and go!

And somehow—somehow—it sounded strange to Vi.

"Come, let's dance it," suggested Billy.

They rose. Billy looked down on the uplifted face. It was pale as the face of a dead maiden.

"Why—?" And he took it between his hands, and an obtrusive Chinese lantern very thoughtfully went out.

"Will, tell me—tell me once more—before we go in," and her voice was nothing but a whisper. "Tell me—once more—"

The rest of the sentence was stifled—by one, or the other, or both. But Billy heard it.

"Vi, darling! Vi, darling! I will remember to-night as long as I live. Never, never will I forget this tearful little face, dear one! It will stay before my eyes, never fear, little lady, until I come back to you again, and will keep me from all harm, wherever I am. My own, own Vi!"

So they entered the ball-room, and all traces of tears had vanished from her face; but the fair neck was bent, as though it refused to bear the weight of so much beauty. And they danced the last waltz together—but the flowers had gone from her breast. Nothing looks so bad in a ball-room as crushed flowers.

Four months later the little British force in the Soudan was forming square, for the enemy was about to charge. On every side turbaned squares were gesticulating and howling out their war-cries. "Allah!" "Allah il Allah!" "Mahdi, Mahdi!" The gibbering Maxims in the corners of the square kept pounding away merrily, spitting out death like the snakes they were, whenever the blacks showed signs of coming too near; and at every volley dusky forms leapt into the air, and, with a last yell, fell headlong and poured their life-blood into the thirsty sand, while their souls fled swiftly away to "Paradise." In the middle of the square rode the old Colonel, watching every sign and every movement, giving his orders clearly and quietly—orders which were obeyed as quietly as they were given. And so the handful of her Majesty's troops moved slowly forward across the desert—forward to the group of palms in the distance, where alone they could hope for rest after the burning day and for fresh water not rendered stale and tepid by the sun's rays.

Two days ago Billy had received a letter from England which contained some shrivelled flowers. What the letter said is not my business, or yours; but the poor brown dead things were most undoubtedly violets.

It was Sunday in England. Out here it didn't matter—in fact, the men had forgotten what day of the week it was. All except Billy, and he carefully ticked off each day on a calendar he always carried with him, in close proximity to the rather soiled photograph of a woman—a woman with a beautiful face, but men said it was the face of a flirt.

And as no man is master of his own thoughts, and the mind will wander of its own sweet will into the remotest corners of the earth—even when deadly danger is at hand, so Billy found himself peacefully thinking not so much of the battle that was going on as of Miss Cheriton. He did not feel the glaring sun that shot down upon them—only to be mercilessly reflected up from the shining sand. He did not remember that he held his sword drawn in his hand, that his revolver lay fully charged in his belt. The square, the Dervishes, the upright old Colonel, all seemed to him like dream-people. It was only a dream, this African business. He himself was in a quiet country church in England, kneeling by *her* side. The congregation were all kneeling, and *her* head was bent very low. He peeped surreptitiously into *her* face—surely, surely that was not a tear that tried to escape the custody of the long lashes? He heard the clear voice of the clergyman—dear old Bennett it was—in the Litany:

“From lightning and tempest, from plague, pestilence, and famine, from battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us.”

And earnestly, breakingly, *she* responded, “Good Lord, deliver us.”

Mechanically, Billy felt in his pocket. The calendar was there—and the photograph.

“Halt! Face about! Prepare to repel charge!”

At once the little square made ready. Billy was back in the Soudan.

Now, on every side, as far as the eye could reach, came on the Arabs, dancing, shrieking, howling. This was their one great endeavour to wipe out the accursed infidels. To every man that fell the Mahdi—great is his name!—had promised eternal Paradise. Allah himself had assured them of victory. What, then, mattered death when the reward would be great and eternal?

On they came. The Maxims spoke out, and a lane appeared through the rushing horde. On they came in any order, in no order—on they came to devour the little force that was daring to stand up for the White Queen against the divine will of the Mahdi. Tens dropped. Hundreds fell. The rush continued, and now the bright, maddened eyes were clearly visible to the little British band.

“Fire!”

On all four sides the rifles rang out. For a moment a dead silence ensued. Then on once more charged the fanatics, trampling down their dying, trampling on their dead, straight on to victory or to Paradise!

Another volley at forty paces, and the black forms seemed to have vanished from off the face of the earth in a cloud of smoke. Then what was left of them appeared right up to the bayonet-points, cursing, yelling; fresh forms rushed up behind them. Now, weary, sun-stricken soldiers, look to it—look well to it—in the name of Queen and Country!

Bayonet, sword, spear—scarlet, white, black—all seemed blended together in one fearful hurly-burly. The square stood firm; the fanatics poured themselves upon the hedge of bayonets. In no time Billy's revolver had emptied; once it brought to earth a huge Arab whose sword was whirling over a wounded private's head. The square stood firm—Soudanese negroes and whites, side by side, in the name of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

Suddenly one of the Maxims became jammed. Before it was again in order the savages had swarmed round the weakened corner, speared the gunners, and cut their way into the square. The officers hurried to the spot; the rear rank of the men faced about; for a short time it was touch-and-go. A spear whizzed past Billy's head; a brother-officer behind him fell, pierced through the neck. Billy's sword came down in a slanting direction upon the head of a bearded, muscular Arab, who was quite inside the square. A thrill of exultation and nausea passed through Billy as the man dropped, the gash fixing his features in the appearance of a ghastly grin. Gradually, slowly, the little square rallied. The Arabs were cut down and beaten back; the bayonet-points formed once more around the crippled gun.

But in the rush and confusion and smoke a small party of British troops had been forced outside the square. Among them was Billy.

“Back—back into the square, for your lives!” he ordered. The passage was clear, except for wounded Arabs, and with a rush the men turned. The bayonets opened. Billy, last of all, was on the point of entering safely.

At this moment he heard, above all the din, the cry of a voice he knew. He turned. Some forty paces away a comrade, a messmate, was surrounded by a dozen of the enemy. Billy saw him fight, cutting and thrusting on every side, then fall. “Buffs to the rescue!” he shrieked, and again galloped back. Two troopers managed to accompany him. Slash, cut, thrust once more, and Billy reached his friend's side.

“Hold up, Ross, old boy! Why, what's the matter? You're all right now. What's up?”

Ross tried to answer, but a fearful gash across his eyes, and the unnatural twist of one leg, told his story pretty plainly.

“Never mind—poor old Jimmy!” and Billy tried to get under his dying friend, in order to carry him back into the square. The square was still hard pressed, but the worst was over now. A body of Arab horsemen, decimated by the rifle-fire, were on the point of retreating when they caught sight of two hated white men well outside the safe shelter of the square, one wounded, the other trying to lift him—an easy prey. With “Mahdi! Mahdi!” they galloped towards them.

Ross saw their approach over Billy's shoulder.

“Look out, old man,” he murmured. “Get back—leave me. I'm done—no good. Get back—there's—just—time.”

Poor Billy looked up. The horsemen were sixty yards away or more—he might escape them if no unlucky spear got home on him. Then, in a moment, he was back in England, Vi at his side. They were at a ball together—the lights, the decorations were there—the band was playing, faintly but distinctly, “Bid me good-bye.”

“I'll come back, darling, never fear,” he whispered.

“Go—there's just time, Fortescue. Run—for your life. God bless you—leave me—quick!”

These words brought Billy back to the battle. He looked down on his dying friend, who was clearly at his last breath. He looked on the wild horsemen coming on at a gallop. He thought of a lonely, loving girl waiting for him at home—of his plighted troth—of his bride. And the world seemed a lovely place, and he felt so young and strong—and Violet—his own, *own* Vi . . .

“Save yourself—there's—just—time—good-bye.”

It is no discredit to Billy to say that there was a second's pause before he threw away his useless revolver, and gripped his sword more tightly, and said, through his clenched teeth—

“No, old chap! I'm damned if I do!”

A rescue was soon effected from the square, but not before Billy was lying with his face upward to the African sun, a spear through his lungs, and each beat of his brave heart increasing the crimson stain upon the sand.

They brought him into the square and did what they could. But he only spoke once more; and the poor, dying whisper was heard only by one or two who bent over him.

“Tell her—I *did* mean—to come—but poor—old Jimmy—was down. Tell her—”

The last words were whispered to someone who was also near him, who was standing over him and holding the hot, curly head upon her knees, though only Billy saw her.

“I—I'm—coming, dearest. I'm—coming—to—you—Vi. Don't cry, darling—I'm—com—ing—home.”

Miss Cheriton, the “desperate flirt,” the belle of the county, is still unmarried. Into her golden hair have crept threads of silver; the fair face has lost a little of its smooth radiance. She seldom goes anywhere. People wonder “how on earth she spends her time.” They forget to ask the poor around her, the sick, the despairing, those whose husbands are far away; widows, whose husbands are—dead. She seems contented now—even happy; her eyes are as bright and as blue as ever, except, perhaps—who knows?—when she opens a treasure-box and takes from it a soiled photograph of herself and an old calendar, both dyed, in places, a dull red-brown.



AN AMUSED READER.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

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## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Time to light up:—Wednesday, Sept. 8, 7.30; Thursday, 7.28; Friday, 7.26; Saturday, 7.23; Sunday, 7.21; Monday, 7.19; Tuesday, 7.16.

When I told my kinsfolk and acquaintance that I meant to bicycle from London to Plymouth, I expected them to stare aghast and then exclaim, "Not really!" or, "What a long ride!" or, "Well, you have pluck!" Instead of that they merely asked, "Will you take one day



THE TWO YOUNGEST SONS OF MR. B. L. FARJEON, THE NOVELIST.  
Photo by Bunnett.

about it or two?" and one creature went so far as to inquire, "Why not take the train and get there in six hours?" So when I had gathered up the fragments of my shattered dignity and replied that I meant to allow myself at least a week in which to accomplish the journey, the little throng of listeners merely smiled softly to themselves—one of those silly, simpering smiles that seem so senseless yet signify so much. I hate people of that sort; and I hate persons who think that because a man bestrides a bicycle he must necessarily wish to "scorch."

As the Horse Guards clock slowly struck eleven o'clock a.m. my sturdy companion mounted his wheel and together we threaded the traffic of Piccadilly, West Brompton, and Rutland Gate, speeding steadily onward until West Kensington in all its pristine glory burst upon our astonished gaze. All went merry as a bike-bell as far as Bagshot, where we refreshed ourselves in the tap-room of a rustic ale-house called the Bird-in-Hand, and then, as the roads continued to improve, matters became merrier still, and shortly after dusk we reached the White Hart Hotel, Whitechurch, Hants—a hotel immortalised by Kingsley—having thus covered, with a minimum of fatigue, nearly sixty miles of ground.

Early on the following morning we again set out, but a head wind greatly impeded our progress, and by the time we reached Stonchenge rain was descending in torrents. Then the limestone roads became sticky, and presently we discovered that three tyres had become punctured in seven places, and that two wheels were so badly buckled that they almost failed to revolve. Weary, depressed, soaked to the skin and cold to the bone, we slowly forced our way across Salisbury Plain, battling bravely against the wind, which by this time had increased to a typhoon. Sadly we thought of refreshment-rooms and railway stations, but such luxuries were not for us, and when, at length, dripping and doleful, we pushed our creaking machines into a village called Mere, situated in Dorset, it was only to be informed by the affable landlords of three antiquated hostelries that such a thing as a hot bath could not possibly be procured—that it was, in short, a form of luxury unknown in Mere. At this critical moment, however, the cheery proprietor of a temperance hotel rightly named The Angel came to our rescue. More than that, he took great trouble to make us feel "at home" as well as comfortable. Indeed, he actually managed to provide the hot baths for which our souls yearned, and, in spite of his establishment being of the temperate sort, he sent up a tankard of capital "Old Scotch," with which we sponged our cold and shrunken forms. And now a strange thing happened. As the first streaks of

dawn shone through the latticed casement, we naturally rang loudly for the various items of clothing sent down to be dried before the kitchen fire. I ought by right to draw a veil over the next scene, but I cannot. To cut a long story short, the good folk below stairs, bearing in mind, no doubt, the legend of King Alfred and the cakes, had left my wearing apparel too long or too near the fire, the result being that when my "waistcoat" was brought up the back part of it had vanished completely. I managed, however, to borrow a fresh pair, and, after a run of a hundred and sixty miles, we reached Plymouth safely. This was the best and fastest run of all; but, then, the railway carriages on that line are very highly geared.

I see in a contemporary that there is a cycling club in Madrid, said to be the youngest in the world, and that in it there is not a child above eight years old, while the oldest club is said to be in Sunderland, and to have been formed just twenty-one years ago.

I saw such a pretty white mackintosh the other day (writes a lady correspondent), smarter even than the blue one described before in this column. I was riding through Lancaster, and was caught in a tempest of wind and rain. Of course I was not provided with the wherewithal to brave the elements, when fortunately, in the window of a tailor's shop, I saw a most fascinating garment, namely, a glazed white mackintosh in the shape of a white sac-coat, drawn in at the waist by a belt, the sleeves slightly full. There were holes for ventilation under the arms, and the loose cut prevented that unpleasant warmth inseparable from a tight-fitting jacket. I went in and purchased this garment, as I had a long ride into the country before me, and certainly I was much pleased with the smart effect.

That the policeman and the cyclist are born foes must be accepted as a recognised fact. They have been so from the commencement of wheeling, and the rapid increase of cycling in the last few years has apparently intensified the animosity. It would be interesting to trace its origin, which I imagine to have been a defiant, catch-me-if-you-can attitude assumed by the mounted rider, calculated to cause impotent rage and gnashing of teeth on the part of the guardian of the peace, who was immediately consumed with desire to taste the sweets of revenge. Unlighted lamps, riding on footpaths, and furious riding, which is vulgarly called "scorching," are the three points on which the policeman may have his revenge, and that he has it pretty often the records of the police courts during the last few months fully demonstrate.

The 4th V. B. Hants Regiment, who have for the fifth time during the last six years won the Starley Prize for military cyclists at Bisley, have reason to be proud of their success. The competition consists of a ride of three-quarters of a mile over the usual kind of ground found at Bisley, namely, sand, heath, and grass, the team of four men dismounting at two hundred and fifty yards and firing ten rounds each at a third-class target, the whole to be completed in nine minutes. The winning team included Sergeant Smith, Corporal Keene, Cyclists Atkins and Shinner. Their fine score of 137, made up of 20 bull's-eyes, 17 centres, and 3 outers, constitutes a record for the competition, and beats their previous record by no less than 19 points. Cyclist Shinner, one of the team, also gained the third prize of twenty pounds in the Imperial Competition, open to all the Services. Cyclist Price, though not shooting in the Starley, took prizes in no less than eighteen competitions, including the Queen's Hundred and St. George's; he also won the silver jewel of the English Twenty Aggregates, and gained four badges during the meeting. The winnings of these successful marksmen and cyclists during the recent Bisley Meeting were over one hundred and twenty pounds.



HANTS VOLUNTEER CYCLISTS.  
Photo by the Royal Central Photographic Company, Bournemouth.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## ALDERSHOT INFANTRY OBSTACLE RACE.

An unusually strong interest is being taken by the infantry regiments stationed at Aldershot in the great obstacle race, instituted by the Duke



SHIELD GIVEN BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

a view to the encouragement of celerity and precision of movement and a high standard of physical training generally.

of Connaught, which is to take place to-morrow, and for which his Royal Highness has provided a handsome challenge shield, modelled in silver, the handiwork of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street and Queen Victoria Street. The competing teams consist of one hundred men from each battalion, including two officers and eight sergeants, the whole equipped in drill-order and the men carrying rifles. The contest is to be held over a new course, the obstacles consisting of horizontal beams and posts, rails for vaulting and jumping, ditches, water-jumps, &c., each obstacle sufficiently broad to allow of twenty-four men vaulting or jumping abreast. Besides the shield, money prizes are given to the first three teams, with

## RACING NOTES.

The St. Leger this year will be a sorry effort, and it is a pity that some means could not be devised to put the classics upon a more equitable basis. I can see nothing in the race likely to make Galtée More gallop, and Velasquez should follow him home—that is, if Lord Rosebery sends his colt to the post. I have heard glowing accounts of St. Cloud II., trained by Pineus, who prepared Iroquois for all his engagements; but it should be noted that St. Cloud II. has a fair chance of winning the Cesarewitch.

I was surprised on glancing through the *Calendar* the other day to note the number of lady owners of racehorses. True, there are only a couple really prominent in this respect, namely, "Mr." Jersey and "Mr." Theobald, which *noms de guerre* hide the identity of two very charming ladies—Mrs. Langtry and Lady Meux. But the others have thoroughbreds in training, and run them occasionally. The latest recruits to their ranks are Madame Errazuriz, who owns Antracita; Donna Lydia Floria, who owns Inglesina; and Mrs. Purcell, who owns Purple King. The others are Mrs. H. C. White, who has an animal called Early; Miss Pett, who runs several horses, notably Tickhill and Pimper; Mrs. Yates, the wife of Mr. Arthur Yates; Miss Norris, who ran Waterford and Wild Man from Borneo in steeplechases; Miss Nicholson, who got rid of The Jew because she was dissatisfied with the handicapping of the horse; and Mrs. Sadlier Jackson, who owns Thespis, an aged but speedy sprinter.

M. Jean de Reszke is an eminent artist, but there is also a sporting side to his character. He is almost an ideal sportsman, for he seeks to win races with horses of his own breeding without gambling on the result. He says he does not bet because he is not rich enough. If this is really the reason, I am glad to have it, for the sake of the addition to the ranks of non-betting owners, who are, after all, the best class of sportsmen. M. de Reszke takes almost a childish delight in his Polish stud-farm, and is never at home without taking a daily look round the place where his winners were reared. He is one of the largest private owners of racehorses in Europe, but when he takes his journeys abroad he prefers to ride a bicycle. He has once or twice entered horses in our own races, but we have yet to see his colours sported on an English racecourse.

The Jockey Club's new system of handicapping has now been in working order for the greater part of a racing season, but it cannot be said that this year has seen much improvement over others that have preceded it. Individualism in handicapping I am not a great believer in. There are so many complications presented by the most ordinary and insignificant entry requiring to be weighted that it is impossible for one man to do justice to it. While handicaps are made by human beings, I suppose we shall never reach perfection. But I think a great improvement would result from the institution of a board of handicappers, who could discuss the different animals' precedents from all points, and so arrive at a better result than one man could. Handicappers are shrewd men, but too much is required of them.

The Autumn Handicaps will, as a matter of course, provoke plenty of speculation. Already one or two double-event books have been opened, and, of course, many thousands have had a shy at the double with the Continental agents. Prose and Chit Chat were the fancied goods right up to the declaration of the weights. The recent history of the races shows that backers might do worse than leave them severely alone until the numbers have gone up, then follow the favourites. Burnaby, Comedy, Indian Prince, and many more winners were simply unsaleable goods in the market until the day of the race. CAPTAIN COE.

## CRICKET.

There are some cricketers whose names are best recognised in pairs. For instance, how is it possible to speak of Brown of Yorkshire without also mentioning Tunncliffe? It is the same with Stoddart and Hayman, and Mason and Alec Iearne, and Abel and Brockwell.

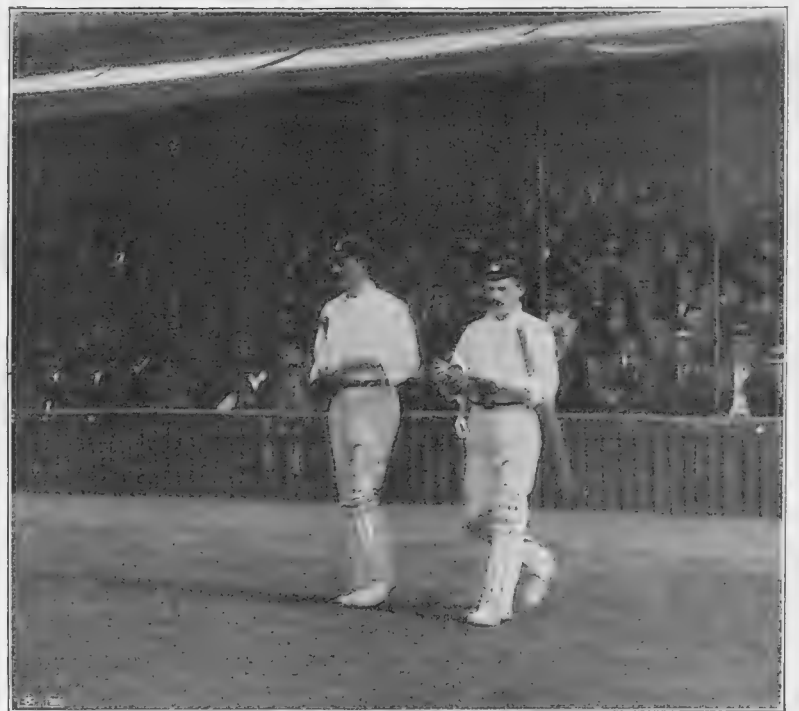
The last-named pair are certainly not the least famous of the couples. The record established by Brown and Tunncliffe early in the season for the first wicket has since been improved upon by Abel and Brockwell, although only to the extent of one run. On two other occasions, too, have Brockwell and Abel this year passed the two hundred before the first Surrey wicket fell.

Of the two men Abel is, of course, the better known; it is something like fifteen years ago since he joined Surrey as a bowler, and, although his début was not a bewildering success, he did not take long to establish himself. Last year Abel was one of the three batsmen to reach 2000 runs in a season, and he will have passed the figure before the present season has given its last gasp.

Abel is known to his intimates either as the "Guv'nor" or "Father," the latter nickname having been bestowed upon him by W. G. Grace. He is one of the small brigade, and he is quite a veteran, for he was born (in Rotherhithe) on Nov. 30, 1859. He is considered by many to be a batsman with a crooked bat, but it is none the less a fact that Abel's defence is at least as safe as that of any other cricketer.

Brockwell is, compared with Abel, a young cricketer. He was born at Kingston-on-Thames on Jan. 21, 1866, and was for a long time in the second eleven. When first tried, some eight years ago, Brockwell was played as a bowler, but, going in late, he used to run up some brilliant innings in a style which, if not quite so scientific as he is given to be, was certainly attractive.

Indeed, Brockwell would probably be a more successful player if he would invariably do justice to his natural belligerency. He is a born hitter, being finely built and having plenty of strength. Brockwell went out to Australia with Stoddart's team, but was not seen at his best there.



BROCKWELL AND ABEL GOING IN TO BAT AGAINST LANCASHIRE.

Photo by the Standard Photographic Company.

A few years ago he headed the English batting averages, but by the irony of fate the Australians were not then in the country, and so Brockwell has never had the good fortune to oppose the Colonials in this country.

The accompanying photograph represents Brockwell and Abel proceeding to the wicket to open the innings in the recent match between Surrey and Lancashire at the Oval.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## WEARABLES VARIOUSLY.

That there is a vagrant Clerk of the Weather who rough-hews our well-planned ends, arrange we them never so smoothly, no one who lives and suffers this aggravating and intermittent climate can well doubt. It is only vanity and weariness of spirit to expect the sun, conventional and supposititious, that should, but doesn't, ripen peaches and corn in August, for example, or the balmy zephyrs of fabled springs in April, that snows and blows blizzards instead. Even that good old-fashioned winter weather of which our forbears prattled seems to have gone the way of broken china and good intentions, while as for rosy June and her classic wreath of roses, it is only pre-Raphaelite enthusiasts who ever really get that glowing atmosphere into their efforts, for in real life June is but a fickle jade whose temperature may be taken at white muslin one day and blue serge to a certainty the next. If one only knew what to wear as each morning of climatic unexpectedness dawns, life would lose half its little ironies; but, since the seasons have set to partners and changed their classic places, the way of wearables has become a thorny one indeed.

In the intermediate stage of *demi-saison* through which we are at present passing, this haphazard becomes still more heartrending, for how to be decorative exteriorly without guidance from freakish weather on one hand or dormant fashion on the other, is extremely puzzling indeed, summer being out of court, and autumn not proven. Light cloth and cashmere are, however, it may be taken, the best-worn materials of the immediate moment. They are neither too light nor too heavy, and can be pressed into very smart service when handled in the right manner. The pouched bodice fits either material

well, and this very light grey tweed, here illustrated, and set forth with strappings of grey braid and silver, seems a desirable example of the half-season style aforesaid. The hat accompanying it is grey felt, with ostrich-tips shading from grey to black, and a bunch of coq's feathers in front. Even those whose allowances are least expansive must lay the flattering unction of ostrich feathers to their headgear in this coming season, for it is written that no hat shall be a law of fashion unto itself without them.

Two of the frocks which struck me as being particularly well done among scores of silken successes at the Viceregal garden-party last week are "thumb-nailed" in this page. One, a very subtle mixture of grey gauze over Nile-green taffetas, was assisted to a complete effect by the apron of deep ivory guipure, broad at the end of skirt and diminishing gradually to the waist, which was bound twice around by green moiré ribbon; tiny bouillonées of grey gauze, bordered with wide bands of embroidered tulle insertion, showed at both sides of the apron. A dainty chemisette of lace, edged with ruches of green chiffon, supported the bodice, which was *en blouse*. Crowning the exuberant and very undulé locks of the wearer was an elaborately pleated hat of green straw, turned up with a rosette of black velvet, in which a diamond and emerald buckle was fastened. A drapery of white mousseline-de-soie, veiled in

Irish lace, was wound about the crown, and at the left side a group of black plumes was set jauntily. Hats to match the dresses with which they are worn are, it may be added, a feature in the future's forecast of fashion, which really sounds as if one had been taking gymnastic exercises in the aggravating art of alliteration, though quite guiltless in intention of such epistolary knaveries. Returning to the muttons of muslins, however, this second garden-party gown, which appeared in such seductive evidence, disclosed itself at close quarters to be one of the coming cashmeres in a particularly soft and becoming shade of powder-blue. Two rows of openwork tulle embroidery in soft pinks, greens, and mauves were laid over bands of heliotrope silk at both sides of the apron. These harmonious lines of colour went around the skirt also, and trimmed the blouse-bodice, which had lapels of ivory satin, edged with ruchings of white mousseline-de-soie, and powdered over with mauve and blue sequins. A white satin waistband and collarette were embroidered to match the lapels, and a smart toque of black straw trimmed with pinkish-mauve roses on one side and a Paradise bird in full plumage on the other finished a charming costume. I see that gloves in tones of dull blue and violet are being sprung on the sex as accessory to the fact of costumes to match. Good taste will probably avert such vandalism among the well-dressed, however. The neutral tans and doves and greys of our present affections cannot easily be "bettered," as far as gloves go, at all events. If even beautiful hands are disfigurements when dipped in kid of crude colour, how much more the large and coarse-fingered hands which are even more usual? I remember, when the appalling rage for crimson silk gloves prevailed years ago, one of the most fearsome impressions ever made on my youthful senses was conveyed by a very



AT THE VICEREGAL GARDEN-PARTY.

bulky matron who came to sing at a village concert in the neighbourhood. Her gory extremities covered in cardinal-red gloves to the elbow had a horrible fascination for me, and those red gloves I never forgot.

Apropos of adipose tissue, by the way, now that flounced skirts are slowly establishing their fashionable claims, notwithstanding the lingering longing with which we have held to the plain style, it will go hard with the little round woman to maintain the balance between fashion and form. One thing to be thankfully remembered, however, is that the dumpy dame has greatly gone out of evidence in these islands, thanks probably to the athletic beliefs of a newer generation. Once upon a time, judging from John Leech's pictures at all events, an Englishwoman, while probably possessed of all the domestic virtues, was, decoratively speaking, at a discount. She rarely managed her hooped skirts, was, generally speaking, short, and instantly became stout at forty and dowdy at marriage. The tall granddaughters belonging to this generation of Leech's little lady are meanwhile reflected in the topical drawings of Du Maurier. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*—but still more noticeably, other inches. Our tennis-playing, golfing, bicycling maiden of tailor-made and tobacco habits is as interesting as her great-aunt would now be considered insipid; but colourless women with curls and a generally drooping air were the fashion in those days, so there is



nothing to be said except in thanksgiving that they prevail no more. Early Victorian fashions are not therefore in tune altogether, perhaps, with our emancipated anatomy of to-day, but still we can wear them with fewer abbreviations, as far as flounces go. I have seen a violet-coloured cashmere, freshly imported from Paris this week, flounced to the waist. The said flounces, sewn on in undulating lines, were each bordered with inch-wide Paisley patterned satin laid on the cross. The pouched bodice was composed altogether of this satin, which had a white ground with a variously coloured pine-pattern, just like the shawls our warrior

grandpapas used to bring from India in the 'fifties. Revers of violet velvet and a waistband of the same, fastened with a dull-gold buckle, completed a really fascinating adaptation of old times. I should have added that the sleeves were made of the violet cashmere and guipure in straps of equal width, which lace also trimmed the bodice.

One of the dresses in Princess Ingeborg of Denmark's trousseau which accomplishes most in the matter of beauty is a yellowish-brown velvet—tan-colour, really—with embroideries of turquoise and silver, bordered by narrow edgings of sable. Another, in the national colouring of blue and yellow, is most skilfully harmonised, the dull powder-blue miroir velvet of which it is made toning well with a pouched bodice of soft amber mousseline, over which an embroidered bolero of the velvet is worn. Trains of immense length are worn at the Swedish Court, and fashions may come or go, but the trailing drapery remains. Five yards in length of material is by no means an unusual allowance to drag after one on the floor, and the ensuing complications of chairs and tables must play quite a considerable part in excitements at the Court. Princess



[Copyright.]

THE POUCHED BODICE AND GREY TWEED.

Ingeborg's bridal train is the shortest in her trousseau, and that is twelve feet in length. Most of the evening-gowns are fourteen feet from waist to the end of train. Cherry-colour in shades of varying brightness is on the list of winter colours, and one of the Danish Princess's most striking gowns is a magnificent Lyons velvet in bright cerise, trimmed with heavy gold embroideries. The train of this really regal gown is fifteen feet long. But what a weight to carry!

High gowns for evening wear are being introduced by several of the best Parisian dressmakers, a dictum that thin women should hail not less from the point of view of "becomingness" than that of practical comfort. Napoleon's industriously acquired knowledge of the sex culminated in his decisively expressed opinion that thin women should never wear low dresses, and the conqueror of beauty and broad acres certainly spoke well. Those long, crinkled, transparent sleeves which have already prevailed with success are now supplemented with gatherings of tulle embroidery, lace, or mousseline, brought from the *décolletage* to the neck, and, in all cases where a finely moulded figure is regrettably absent, the fashion is to be commended for being pretty and prudent—in chilly weather particularly. Dark red of various shades has been greatly used for cycling-frocks in the country this holiday season, and the departure is one which gives very picturesque blots of colour to the landscape. An ideal stuff for such roadside ramblings I have found, however, in some of Barker and Moody's daintily tinted flannels. Dark greys and blues with pin-stripes or little checks are among my first favourites, and there are lighter shades flecked with contrasting heather-mixtures in cream, white, green, and light tones, the beauty of these flannels lying in their warmth, lightness of texture, and their distinctively tweed-like appearance, which fit them equally for smart or simple morning-dress. Knickerbockers, skirt, and coat of the "B. and M." flannels are to me the perfection of cycling attire, and one of the new tartan silk shirts enlightens the effect to admiration.

One has seen the bicycle viewed under many aspects, but the last particular plea, which puts it forward as the salvation of spinsters in the thirties, was given a psychological American to discover. His plea, briefly summed up, amounts to the assertion that unattached women

with youth in the rear, and pleasure, therefore, no longer at the prow, pass, for the greater part, through a period of mental fermentation and physical irritability of varying degree, according to their environment. The solitary female who commands the gaieties of life only so long as grey hairs and crow's-feet are non-apparent, and who has not the refuges of philanthropy, New Womanism, or social activity to fall back upon, has yet one chance of well-being in the healthy, happy, and wise action of the bicycle. Dyspepsia, nerves, and the hundred ills to which such women inevitably become victims through disappointments, dissatisfactions, and mental yearnings variously, are mercifully blown to the four winds if only they are so well advised as to take refuge in the exhilarating, rapid change of air, scene, and thought which the gentle art of wheeling involves. The social life of one more class, and that perhaps which needs it most sorely, may be, therefore, revolutionised, and an incomparably healthier state, mentally and physically, attained than that possible to our elderly sisters of other times. The moral of which homily points particularly to the bicycle as a panacea for all the ills, fancied or real, of the old maid, who in this excellent exercise finds not alone her unreal woes blown out of their cobwebby corners, but a practical possession to boot, worth much more than those rosy dreams of what might have been had the same been reduced to disillusioning realities.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**TERRIDU (Simla).**—(1) I do not think it matters much about getting the original Cologne water, so many good sorts are made, which, though called imitations, are, to all intents and purposes, the same. However, if you are prejudiced in favour of the original, the label is known by the line, "Gegenüber dem Julichs-Platz," at least, so an authoritative Teuton tells me, though I am by no means prepared to lay it down as gospel, having used all and sundry sorts in my time, each one of which when purchased was sold under the most fervent assurances of being the only genuine Johann Maria Farina. Have you ever tried the "4711" Cologne at the Rhine Violet Company's place in Bond Street? It is excellent. (2) I do not think you could do better than bring it on from America, if you intend taking it on your way home. The carriage and duty would be heavy, no doubt.

**MATHILDE (Bournemouth).**—(1) Your blue serge might be made with an inner waistcoat of coarse guipure, or white cloth braided with gold or silver, the bodice on each side decorated with buttons to match, and white kid belt with dull gold buckle, and square revers or epaulettes of white kid or cloth on shoulders. (2) For white doeskin gloves you must pay about five shillings the pair. Never buy imitations; they stretch and wear badly.

**EAGER (Westmeath).**—(1) You would probably get the information you require by applying to the London Council of the Irish Industries Association, of which Lady Londonderry is the President. The Arran knitting industry has been longer in existence than you say. It is quite five or six years since Lady Arran established it. (2) To put above the oak panelling of your dining-room nothing could be more effective, and at the same time inexpensive, than a frieze of the modern French tapestry, which is procurable in all ways and devices at the Louvre. I do not know if there are London agents, but think it most probable that Graham and Banks, of 445, Oxford Street, would get it for you. There is a model dining-room at their place very similar to what you describe. (3) The old Sheffield ware candlesticks, &c., were silver-plated on copper, and very preferable to modern plated ware, particularly with old oak or Chippendale.

**LADY LETTICE.**—(1) To the socially strong all things are possible, but, if you are new in the county, it may be wiser to let others take the initiative in a matter of the sort. (2) The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street, would re-string the pearls and replace those lost. (3) Your old oaken cradle need not be a white elephant. It is the very thing for pine logs and can be moved into your large hall with practical and picturesque purpose.—**SYBIL.**

#### AN ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

The Queen has accepted an address from the Ladies' Kennel Association in appreciation of the interest taken by her Majesty in the welfare of the canine race, and to mark the improved conditions of its existence which have obtained during the past sixty years. Engrossed in white satin, and signed on behalf of the Ladies' Kennel Association by the President, the Duchess of Teck, it formed a very beautiful testimony of the gratitude of the Association. The address was enclosed in an elegant casket of solid silver, richly worked in repoussé, showing the royal arms, "1837" and "1897," and the rose, shamrock, and thistle, of which we give an illustration. The whole was carried out in the highest style of art by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, at the suggestion of Mrs. Stennard Robinson, the hon. secretary of the



Association. Sir Matthew White Ridley, in acknowledging the address on behalf of the Queen, wrote that her Majesty was very pleased at the taste and beauty of the casket in which the address was enclosed.

#### NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

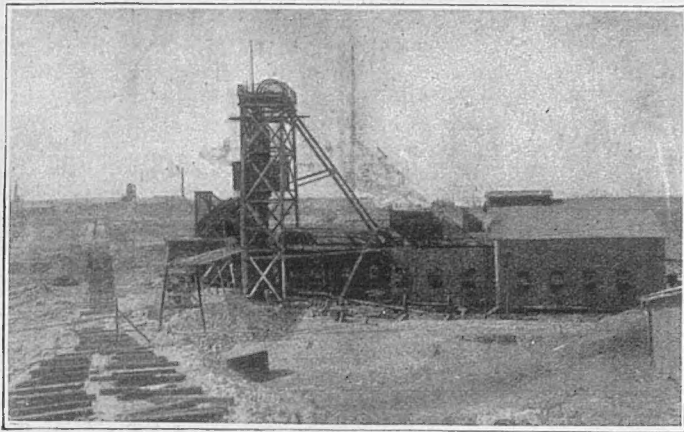


## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.*

## MONEY MARKET.

Contrary to general expectations, no alteration was made in the minimum rate of discount by the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday last. The rate, therefore, remains at 2 per cent., where it has stood since May 13 last. It is the opinion, however, in most quarters that a rise in the rate cannot be much longer deferred, and the prevalence



THE CROWN DEEP.

of this opinion is evidenced by the drooping tendency in gilt-edged securities on the one hand, and the appreciation of Bank shares on the other, the latter, of course, reaping the advantage in the event of dearer money becoming general. According to last week's Bank Return, coin and bullion stock showed a decrease of about £452,000, while the note circulation has been increased to the extent of £370,000. The Reserve, therefore, has been depleted by £822,000, the ratio to liabilities being reduced by 2½ per cent. to 52½ per cent. "Other" deposits have been increased by £952,000; but "Other" securities have risen as much as £1,462,000. Public deposits are lower by £443,000.

## SCOTS RAILWAYS.

The Caledonian dividend of 5½ per cent., being above market expectations, gave considerable stimulus to purchases not only in Caledonian stocks, but also to the North British issues, which rose in sympathy. The Glasgow and South-Western Company dividend announcement which followed was somewhat disappointing; the rate of 5 per cent., being the same as the corresponding period of last year, was not looked upon as satisfactory. The Highland Railway Company, it appears, is going to make an issue of £300,000 3½ per cent. Preference Stock. It is interesting to note that this is the first time that the company has attempted to raise a Preference Stock on this basis. The new issue will be offered first to existing shareholders. The proceeds of the issue are to be applied towards paying off temporary loans and for requirements of the lines now in course of completion.

## "A MOST DESIRABLE INVESTMENT."

Who is Mr. J. G. D. Ellam? What he is his own notepaper tells us. According to that, he is a "Stock and share broker and dealer in all miscellaneous securities," and he was also "established 1879." We are not quite sure whether that refers to the date of his birth or to his start in business. However that may be, he is equipped with all the comforts of a Christian home, including a telegraphic address, bankers, and a telephone number. He is sending out now a document apparently lithographed, or reproduced by some similar process, and among the copies is one which we have received from a lady, who very wisely sent it on to us. It is possible that others may have succumbed to the invitation, though we should hope not. Here is this precious letter or circular—

DEAR MADAM,—I have for sale sixty fully paid shares of £5 each in the "Cambridge, Limited," and the investment being a most desirable one, I have much pleasure in bringing the same to your notice.

As you are, of course, aware, this music-hall has been a most successful undertaking, but, owing to the fire that occurred during the time Mr. Riley owned it, the directors of the company are having it entirely rebuilt, and when finished, which will be very shortly, it will unquestionably be one of the best music-halls in London.

Interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum has been guaranteed during the rebuilding.

I can accept £300, or £5 per share net, and free from transfer charges.

I can recommend these shares as a thoroughly sound investment, and have no hesitation in predicting a fine future for the company.

Kindly let me know by return of post if you will take or part (*sic*).

I am, dear Madam, yours faithfully, J. G. D. ELLAM.

The audacity of informing a lady in the West of England that she is, of course, aware of the success of a music-hall in the East-End of London speaks for itself. Had she been desirous of getting any shares, we think we might have been able to find them for her on better terms than those offered by Mr. Ellam. But to any readers who may receive a similar communication we strongly advise them to neither "take or part."

## THE "INVESTOR'S REVIEW."

The September number of the *Investor's Review* is one that we can praise without stint. It opens with a sound article on the probability of "dear" money, in which the reasoning is clear and convincing, and the sum and substance of which is that there is not much chance of any prolonged stringency, and there is a timely warning against reckless speculation in either the American or South African Markets. Undoubtedly the most interesting contribution to the number is the long review of the rise and character of the Oil Trust in America, which, under the title of "Wealth against Commonwealth," occupies fourteen pages. There is hardly a dull paragraph in the whole article, which is written in Mr. Wilson's best form. The Economic and Financial Notes are, as usual, interesting, especially the ones dealing with Frederick Leyland and Co.'s debentures and the law of libel. For some months we have not had so useful, well written, and careful a number of Mr. Wilson's publication, which this time is quite clear of those breaches of good taste which sometimes—nay, generally—show themselves when its editor deals with Colonial or Rhodesian finance.

The following letter is the completion of our Johannesburg correspondent's review of the Wernher-Beit Deep Levels, the first part of which appeared in our issue of last week—

## THE WERNHER-BEIT DEEP LEVELS.

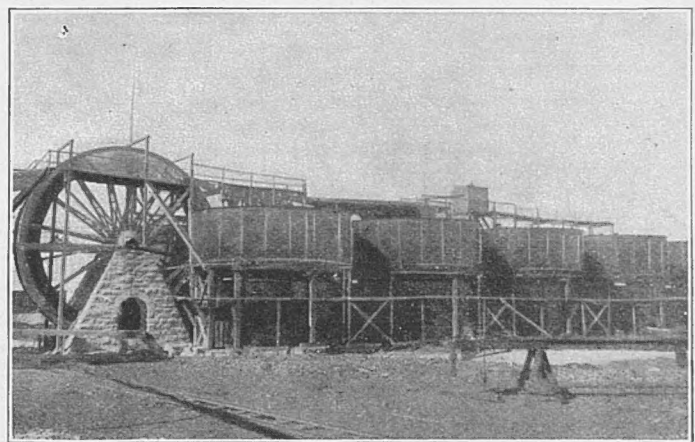
The Rose Deep will start crushing shortly after the Crown Deep, to be followed at intervals by the Nourse Deep, Jumpers Deep, Durban Roodepoort Deep, &c. The Rose Deep is on the dip of the New Primrose Mine, and it will probably be able to crush quite as profitable ore as the chief dividend-payer in the Barnato group. With ultimately 200 stamps running, and an excellent equipment designed to effect every possible economy, there is no apparent reason why the Rose Deep should not earn profits at the same ratio as the New Primrose, or even better. The deep levels have been able to benefit by the experience of the older outcrop mines, and they come upon the scene with up-to-date equipments at the point to which the outcrops have only attained by the experiments—and mistakes—of ten years.

The Rose Deep proposes to crush two reefs at the start, just as the Primrose is doing. They are known here as the North and Middle Reefs. The large body of low-grade ore known as the Main Reef is being left for future development. Doubtless the day will come when, by improved reduction processes and lower working costs, it will be possible to treat such bodies of poor ore in practically every mine on the Rand at a profit, but the investor has an eye only to what will yield immediate dividends.

What we may regard as the dividend reefs of the mine show an average assay value of 15 dwt. per ton. A 60 per cent. extraction of this means a yield of 9 dwt. fine gold, or 36s. per ton. Later on, an additional pennyweight will be obtained by the introduction of "sorting" plant, enabling waste rock to be rejected, and this will bring up the probable yield to 40s. per ton. The New Primrose yield for last month was a trifle over 31s. per ton, and for the eighteen months ended Dec. 31 last the average was only 30s. 5d. per ton. These results certainly do not give much ground for hope that the Rose Deep will be able to keep up a yield of 40s. per ton from one year's end to the other, for we know that the Witwatersrand reefs show a wonderful uniformity in gold contents in the dip of any particular section. That is to say, mines on the dip of the Ferreira and Robinson will be rich, while the dip of poor outcrop mines may be expected to be poor.

There is, of course, no reason why the Rose Deep should not yield a few shillings more per ton than the Primrose. The former is all virgin ground, and has not suffered, as so many mines have done, from picking rich ore to obtain phenomenal results with a comparatively small battery. It seems a fair estimate that the Rose Deep, when in full working order, will earn profits of about £20,000 per month, or £240,000 per annum. This estimate is based on a moderate reduction in working costs, as the outcome of the Mining Commission's Report just presented to the Boer Government. In one respect, the Rose Deep will start crushing at a disadvantage as compared with the Crown Deep. It will have a moderate debt, which may retard the dividend period. The company has 181 claims.

The Nourse Deep, which will also be milling before the end of the year, may be expected to rival its namesake on the outcrop above, which, with sixty stamps, has lately been earning over £15,000 per month, though the average may be



GELDENHUIS DEEP: TAILINGS WHEEL AND CYANIDE WORKS.

taken at from £10,000 to £12,000 per month. In the Nourse Deep, as in the Henry Nourse, the payable reefs are thinner than the average, but, as is often the case in such circumstances, they are very rich. Development work, till recently, was greatly retarded by a series of dykes, but lately the prospects underground have improved. Simultaneously with the disappearance of dyke difficulties a valuable strike was recently made in the west shaft, indicating that the reefs, which it was supposed had been cut out of this portion of the mine by the dykes, have really only been thrown down vertically some 400 ft. This company owns 185 claims, but owing to the thinner reefs it is only intended to operate with 100 stamps, as compared with 200 on the Crown Deep,



Rose Deep, and other big deep-level properties. As to the probable yield and profits, the outcrop mine averages a yield of about 60s. per ton. One-half of this goes in costs, and unless a sensible reduction is made possible by the Boer Government, it will not be easy for the Nourse Deep to work at a lower rate than 30s. per ton. A profit of 30s. per ton on a monthly crushing of about 13,000 tons would mean close upon £20,000 per month, or £240,000 per annum. A higher rate of profits is contingent upon the Boer Government.

The confidence in deep-levels has been materially strengthened by the recent performances of the Bonanza and Geldenhuis Deep, both belonging to the Wernher-Beit group. These two comparatively new mines have lately come conspicuously to the front, and the profits on both, for the first six months of the year, show a steady improvement, very gratifying to shareholders—

	January	February	March	April	May	June
	£	£	£	£	£	£
Bonanza ...	15,587	16,090	16,412	15,865	18,870	19,708
Geldenhuis Deep ...	4,536	5,330	8,060	9,019	11,103	15,334

The Bonanza has probably reached its highest point. It will continue its profit-earning career for five years more, paying from 100 to 120 per cent. per annum. The Geldenhuis Deep will make still larger monthly profits—probably over £20,000 per month when the full battery of 200 stamps is at work. This company is now in a sound financial position, and is expected to pay its first dividend shortly. The company has a mining area of 211 claims.

#### COLONIAL COMPANIES.

The following letter on this subject reached us too late for insertion in last week's issue. It practically makes the same suggestion which we made last week, and any of our readers who are interested, or likely to be interested, in Colonial Companies, might do worse than put themselves in communication with Mr. William McKay. We have made inquiries about him, and find that he is a gentleman of good standing, and much respected in Yorkshire.

To the Editor of *The Sketch*.

SIR,—Your "note" last week bearing upon the unreasonable character of the regulations of some Colonial Companies is quite correct, and I venture to think the time has now arrived when English shareholders in Colonial Companies ought to form themselves into an "Association" for mutual protection.

If it once became known that English investors would not buy shares in Colonial Companies unless their Articles were approved by the "English Association of Colonial Shareholders," such unfair provisions as those to which you refer would quickly disappear.

If any of your readers like to follow up this suggestion, I beg to invite them to communicate with me.—Yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM MCKAY,  
Alderman and Ex-Lord Mayor of York.

Clifford Chambers, York, August 30, 1897.

#### THE COLLAPSE OF SILVER.

The collapse seems utter and irretrievable. Silver, like coals or boots or buttons, is at last obliged to come down to the bed-rock of what it costs to produce. In spite of bimetallism and Bryanism, in spite of log-rolling and vested interests, in spite of prejudice, passion, and party, the inevitable law of supply and demand has once more asserted itself over all the puny efforts of men and mice. It is not possible for ever to keep up to 5s. an ounce any commodity that can be abundantly produced for less than 2s. an ounce, and (to quote the immortal Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede") if the Silverites don't like it, they must lump it.

It being now recognised that Humpty Dumpty has fallen off the wall, and that all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again, it is time to reckon up the consequences of the fall. One thing is clear, it must hit Mexico very hard. In spite of all sorts of ingenious arguments, proving that the fall in the exchange value of silver encourages exports—arguments which are quite true but must not be pushed too far—the hard fact remains that Mexico is a great, perhaps the greatest, silver-producing country in the world; and the produce of her mines, instead of being worth 5s., is not worth 2s. an ounce. She used to be able to get £1 for every 4 ounces of silver she exported; now she must export 10 oz. to get £1.

India also it must affect, but not so much directly as indirectly. The closing of the Indian mints—a transition step towards putting the currency of the country on a gold basis—has turned the rupee into a mere token, a coin which has a certain artificial value, but no more pretends to contain a rupee's worth of silver than our English florin—which would buy an ounce of silver—pretends to contain an ounce of silver. We have not space to discuss the extreme inconvenience of a currency with a closed mint—a currency in a transition state. These inconveniences are not denied, only they had to be faced, say the Indian financiers, and we think justly. Anyhow, the closing of the mints has saved India from the ghastly financial crisis which would otherwise have followed a fall of silver to 23½d. per ounce. Even as it is, India must suffer severely. The poor savings of the people—the poverty-stricken myriads—are mostly in uncoined silver, and these poor savings are automatically melting away as surely if not so swiftly as though they were in camphor. China, again, must suffer acutely, and the chronic difficulties of banks and financial institutions with capital and liabilities on a gold basis and assets mainly on a silver basis will be greatly increased. Our readers can easily enlarge the "field of vision" for themselves. What we have said will be sufficient to "put them on inquiry," as the lawyers say, when they are tempted to buy "silver" securities because they are so cheap.

#### THE BOOM IN WHEAT.

It is a fairly well ascertained fact that the pumping of beer from one barrel into another barrel cannot be relied upon to materially increase the quantity of the liquor; but apparently those who have rushed up the value of American Rails and similar investments to the extreme height of the diameter of a bubble decline to recognise the fact that, if more money for bread is to go into the pockets of the farmers and railway companies—and the various speculators, enterprises, and

industries that live on farmers and railway companies—the money must come out of the pockets of other classes of the community on whom other speculators, enterprises, and industries exist.

"You cannot get more out of the sack than is in it," said Solomon, or some other proverbialist, but the modern speculator is always working on the assumption that the sack which is emptied for the benefit of one speculation can be emptied again for another speculation. Wise men, however, will think otherwise, and will begin to calculate a long time in advance where the shoe is first likely to pinch. Now, the bulk of the population of England—probably the bulk of the population of the world—consists of the working classes, who must have bread, and who like to have beer, and it seems not altogether improbable that, if the mass of them have to pay more for their bread, they may have less to spend on their beer. The last few years have brought a considerable share of prosperity to the "horny-handed sons of toil," and it is reasonably certain that at the end of these years of high wages and low prices for food and other necessities the "horny-handed sons of toil" are not one whit the richer than they were before the fat years began, and, if they have now to endure a certain period of decreasing wages and increasing prices, they will have to meet these inconveniences with the stoicism with which they have met similar inconveniences in times past. If they have less money to spend they will spend less. If they can afford beer they will drink it. If they cannot afford beer they will do without it. Consequently, breweries may have to face not only higher prices for raw materials, but also decreased sales.

The same reasoning applies to all other enterprises and industries which cater for the working-man's comforts and luxuries, and it is more than probable, if the price of grain keeps up, that the profits not only of brewery companies, but also of meat, grocery, and drapery companies—even, possibly, of margarine companies—will show signs of decrease. Railway companies also will lose a considerable slice of their holiday traffics, and Eiffel Towers and recreation grounds and all other forms of glorified skittles will certainly "make heavy weather."

Saturday, Sept. 4, 1897.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

KNOX.—See the above letter from our Johannesburg correspondent. There is this cardinal difference between the company you name and the Henry Nourse—that the former has a capital of £200,000 and only eleven claims, while the latter's capital is only £125,000 and it has sixty-eight claims. At current market quotations, the company you name is capitalised at about £800,000, or nearly £73,000 a claim. At present market quotations, the Henry Nourse is capitalised at something over a million, or less than £15,400 a claim. The shares in both concerns may be worth buying or worth selling, but there is very little analogy between them. So many things affect prices that the shares of the company may yet go higher, but, on intrinsic merits, we think they are high enough. In fact, we would rather sell than buy.

H. B.—The copper company you mention has had a somewhat troublous past, but, in view of the improved prospects of the metal, it might not be unwise for you to buy a few more shares at present prices to average. We should not recommend your friend to have anything to do with the Fish Company. The prospects of Olympia shareholders are almost hopeless, unless very considerable receipts are obtained from the projected visit of the late Mr. Barnum's show.

UBIQUE.—It is practically impossible to get first-class debentures yielding 4 to 4½ per cent. Gordon Hotel 4 per cents, at 126, yield about 3¼; Spiers and Pond 5 per cents, at 119, about 3½; Eastern Telegraph 4 per cents, at 132, about 3 per cent.; Ind and Coope's 4½ per cents, at 122, about 3¾ per cent. Any of the debentures of the Trustees and Executors Corporation are safe, but they are difficult to get hold of. As regards gold-mines, Lake View Consols, at about 8½, are said to be a good speculative purchase, and some of the Robinson group of Rand mines—for example, Langlaagte Block "B," ditto Block "A," Randfontein Star, Randfontein North, Randfontein, Randfontein Porges, Langlaagte, Langlaagte Buildings, Robinson Randfontein. All these are arranged in the order of preference in which they are recommended to us by a knowing group of speculators. From a totally different source we have received strong advice for a considerable time past to buy and go on buying Mount Lyell, which, though ostensibly a copper-mine, gets a fair proportion of gold in its ore.

R. L.—They are, of course, highly speculative, but the impression in the market is that they are more likely to go better than to go worse. The "insiders" all declare that the trade keeps excellent, while "dudes" and other raw material were never more abundant. As a general rule, when the "insiders" are enthusiastic we sell, but in the present case we think, if we were in your position, we should hold on for the present.

DUMPS.—(1) There is no market for the shares now. We may be able to get some private information soon. Repeat your inquiry in a fortnight or three weeks' time. (2) There is no reconstruction scheme on the *tapis* that we have heard of. The prospects of the concern seem to us very dim. (3) At present prices the opinion generally held is that they ought not to be sold. (4) We could not recommend it.

J. E. WATSON.—Our reference, as you will see on re-reading the paragraph, is not to a group of companies, but to interest. There are others known in South Africa, but possibly one or more of them may be introduced here; if so, it will be something important.

R. B. R.—We do not advise them.

BEAUMONT.—Under the circumstances you describe you certainly ought not to risk your capital—any of it—in mining shares.

The Great Northern Railway Company are making special arrangements in connection with Doncaster Races. The usual service of fifteen expresses from London will be maintained, and in addition a special express will leave King's Cross on each race-day at 9.40 a.m., luncheon-cars for first and third class passengers being attached to this train. To-day, Wednesday, an excursion will be run from Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross, returning same day or on Cup Day. Additional express trains will also leave Doncaster for London at 12.50 p.m. and 6.5 p.m. on each race-day.